

Remix

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/36309187) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/36309187>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings , Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Major Character Death
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Dream SMP
Relationships:	Toby Smith Tubbo & TommyInnit , Ranboo & Toby Smith Tubbo & TommyInnit , Clay Dream & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo & Wilbur Soot & Technoblade & TommyInnit & Phil Watson , Toby Smith Tubbo & Technoblade , Clay Dream & GeorgeNotFound & Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Floris Fundy & Wilbur Soot & Other(s) , Undisclosed Relationship(s) , Mentioned Relationships - Relationship
Characters:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Floris Fundy , Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF) , Foolish (Video Blogging RPF) , Dream SMP Ensemble
Additional Tags:	Time Travel Fix-It , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Dimension Travel , Emotional Manipulation , Manipulation , Mind Manipulation , Stockholm Syndrome , Lima Syndrome , Angst , Angst and Feels , Friends to Enemies to Friends , Blood Vines The Crimson The Egg , Blood and Violence , Therapy , Pre-Manberg-Pogtopia War on Dream Team SMP (Video Blogging RPF) , Post-Manberg-Pogtopia War on Dream Team SMP (Video Blogging RPF) , Exiled TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit is Not Okay (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo is Not Okay , Ranboo is Not Okay (Video Blogging RPF) , A lot of people are not okay in this, but they will be, eventually , Body Horror , Ghostbur , Minecraft , Semi-Realistic Minecraft , Bullshitting the Lore , Protoge TommyInnit , Ex-President Toby Smith Tubbo , Genderfluid Character , Other Additional Tags to Be Added , Tags May Change , Tags Are Hard , Family Reconciliation , Platonic Relationships , I'm Bad At Tagging , Dreamon , Clay Dream and DreamXD are Different People (Video Blogging RPF) , Dreamon Possession on Dream Team SMP (Video Blogging RPF) , Video Game Mechanics , slow-ish updates , Fluff , Comedy , It's a hodgepodge of things , Family Feels , Sleepy Bois Inc as Family , I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Rewind, Remix, Replay , Part 7 of Non's Written Works
Collections:	OMG (👉°) Pogchamp DSMP Fanfic!!
Stats:	Published: 2022-01-12 Updated: 2024-02-13 Words: 25,993 Chapters: 6/?

Remix

by [A_Non_ymousWriter](#)

Summary

Two broken men stayed in the past for a better future, things have happened, the future has changed, relationships were slowly mending and it is calm.
But not for long.

Taking a sip of his drink, Foolish hummed. "So... How was therapy yesterday?"

Thunk, groan.

Foolish nodded, "I see, I see... Theo, have you ever considered, I don't know- not jumping out the window in the middle of therapy?" He tilted his head at the muffled mumble that came from the blond across him. "What was that?"

Theo finally raised his head slightly, the frowning mask did nothing to hide the begrudging embarrassment in his voice. "I didn't jump out the window this time... I used the door."

The ex-god beamed, "Really? That's progress! Now the next step is actually staying for the whole session!"

Thunk, groan.

He reached over and patted his shoulder, "There, there. You'll get through it."

Unfortunately Discontinued. Final Outline is on chapter 6.

Notes

and so it begins again :)

welcome

this is remix

Dawn of a New Day

Chapter Notes

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry- I got it wrong. I- *I don't know how but I got it wrong*-" He flinches back but settles as the small hand ran itself through his hair. Comforting.

She shakes her head, "It's alright. I suspected this would happen, yet I hoped for difference, this place is not kind to you. It's mean and plays tricks, it never makes total sense at first. The most we can do right now, is wait." Though she hated it, she had no choice.

"In the meanwhile, why don't you tell me another story?"

He took in a deep, calming breath. "Okay." He rubbed his eyes, and with a heavy heart, he opens his book. Flipping through the pages.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The sun began to rise slowly over the horizon, bringing the dawn of a new day over the world.

Animals and people start to wake as the sunlight chases away the night, the moon dipping out of their sight in the sky promising to return in time.

The winter season is coming to an end, snowfall lessening and the blanket of white slowly but surely melting though it was still cold enough to see one's breath in the air.

He grins, taking in a deep breath, feeling refreshed at the icy air he inhales. Exhaling, he revels and delights at the visible puff he makes, a simple but very welcomed thing he's come to enjoy for winter. He might miss it when winter was truly over, but he's looking forward to the season's change, having never experienced it before. Watching autumn turn into winter was a delight and he loved the snow, even if it was unreasonably cold- colder than the nights in the desert!

The rare times he was outside during the night anyway.

Foolish beamed, rubbing his covered fingers together as he watches the way the sun came over the horizon. Sunrises and sunsets were definitely his favorite times of day, he could finally watch them unperturbed and on his own.

No insistent priests and evokers corralling him back to his room, no golden chains or magical restrictions holding him inside his tomb. He was *free*. Free to do *whatever* he wanted.

And what he wanted, was to watch the sunrise. Which he could, undisturbed...

Aside from the cold temperature of course, but that was easily countered with his thick clothing and a nice, warm drink. A cup of fresh tea. That *he* made! All on his own!

He stayed outside for the entire sunrise, watching with bright, loving eyes aimed at the colorful sky. Shades of orange turning steadily to blue and Foolish enjoyed every single minute of it.

When the sun was fully in the sky did Foolish finally get up from his seat, stretching happily before turning to his current home; a modest little cabin in the woods. Small and comfy, but *his*. So unlike his gigantic pyramid and his lavish room.

Humming, he goes to make some more tea and some breakfast.

It's a nice and slow morning as he gradually finished his breakfast, most of his attention was preoccupied from his food to finish it in one go. Strewn over his table were a couple of books, some papers as well as a large blue-colored paper called a 'blueprint'. It was mostly empty save for the few things he'd scribbled down on the side while he sketched into a book.

Absentmindedly chewing, Foolish almost missed the loud knocks that came from his front door. "Mph- *it's unlocked, let yourself in!*" He called out, not wanting to stand from his table just yet. He already knew who was at the door anyway.

There's a brief silence then he hears the door creak open and close softly, barely he hears the footsteps that come toward him. Unsurprised, he waves at his wayward visitor, smiling brightly at the blond man that appears at the doorway. "You shouldn't have left it unlocked, what if it was a pillager or worse, an evoker?"

"Bah!" Foolish waved off his disapproval and concern, "Stop worrying so much! I could've handled it, besides, it's still winter- they're not going to be sending scouts out here until mid-spring at least. And by then, yes, I'll take refuge in either the SMP or L'Manberg. Now, do you want breakfast and tea too or did you already eat?"

The man sighs but mumbles about leaving as soon as he was awake. So, breakfast for Theo it was. The man sat down, clearing some space on the table, stacking Foolish' books and papers, just enough for his own plate. He didn't bother to offer any help.

Foolish liked making food on his own; he liked making lots of things on his own. It was surreal, that just a few months ago, he had no idea how to make an omelet or bread, or even tea or coffee! But now, he liked to think he had everything down pat- and there was always room to learn more! It really proved that he was thriving now that he was free and on his own two feet.

"How's the planning? Settled on a design?" Theo asked, eyeing the sketches of various houses and interior designs. They looked great, though a bit rough- Foolish was a great artist, he had plenty of time to practice and draw in that golden cage. He was certainly having fun drawing everything he couldn't, he could actually keep his own drawings.

"I think I have! I- for as much as I disliked being... *held in place*, my pyramid really was beautiful you have to admit." Foolish replied, humming slightly as he plated the eggs and bacon, checking on the kettle so he could pour it for more tea. "I'll be using that as inspiration and stuff for my new house!"

He loved the cabin, he really did- it was one of the first residences he's made with Theo and the other's help! But he wanted something of his own, he wanted to build his own house, something a bit bigger but not too big, grand but cozy, something he built with his *own* hands. He'd been studying architecture and been learning from builders from both the SMP and L'Manberg all winter!

Foolish sat back down in his chair after setting down Theo's breakfast and going to finish his own. It's a pleasant time for them both.

Taking a sip of his drink, Foolish hummed. Time to break that pleasantness, unfortunately. "So... How was therapy yesterday?"

Thunk, groan.

Theo thankfully missed his plate when his head dropped unto the table.

Foolish nodded, "I see, I see... Theo, have you ever considered, I don't know- not jumping out the window in the middle of therapy?" He tilted his head at the muffled mumble that came from the blond across him. "What was that?"

Theo finally raised his head slightly, the frowning mask did nothing to hide the begrudging embarrassment in his voice. "I didn't jump out the window this time... I used the door."

The ex-god beamed, "Really? That's progress! Now the next step is actually staying for the whole session!"

Thunk, groan.

He reached over and patted his shoulder, "There, there. You'll get through it." He soothed, genuinely sympathetic for the man responsible for everything he has now.

A lot has happened as the months passed by as Foolish had become rather settled and adjusted to his new life of freedom. He currently lived near both the SMP and L'Manberg, though he was closer to L'Manberg as he did have to sometimes drop by to hand over whatever totems he's made every few weeks or so. Compared to how much he made before, it was a rather pathetic amount but alas, the limitations of being an ex-god.

He wouldn't trade it for the world.

And it was all thanks to Theo.

Theo, who as of lately, has been going to therapy on the utmost suggestions of almost everyone who knew him.

They were going...

...

Theo was making progress though!

He used the door instead of jumping out the window! That was definitely progress!

"What keeps making you run away from the sessions anyway? I went to Captain Puffy myself and I had a great time! Well, some of it wasn't so great, we uh- we did kinda delve into some personal stuff but she helped me realize a few things about myself I never realized! Like how I don't like the large, open spaces that are very quiet or like, religious mantras and chanting." Yeah, those were rather obvious but he hadn't known that! The large areas certainly helped for his designs for his new home. "If you ah, don't mind me asking that is." He quickly added, realizing how straightforward but personal the question was.

Foolish wasn't really affected by the glare that came from behind the porcelain, he just waited for Theo to reply. It took a while, but he sighed, absentmindedly playing with the fork. "I just- look, I like Puffy. She took care of Dream, George and Sapnap when they were younger and she's *alright*. From what I heard, she's a nice lady, and I guess a good therapist with you... I-It's *difficult*, to say anything. Even with Dream's permission, I can't-" Theo took in a deep breath, going silent.

Slowly, he lifts his fork, eats the rest of his breakfast.

"S good, you've gotten really good at making these."

Foolish beamed, "Thank you! Niki's advice and help did wonderfully!"

He lets Theo change the subject, there wasn't much else to do anyway and to be honest, it was rather early for anything personal or emotional.

So breakfast continues during the cold, winter morning.

Red on white.

Red roots, peeking through the snow, writhing.

It could mean a lot of things, the colors.

Red on white.

Hands stained with blood clutched desperately at the ruined white shirt, the wearer still and unmoving. "No, no nonono- TECHNO-"

Red on white.

A red flower, growing from the ground amongst the snow.

"You have no right, to give me such panic." He murmured to the flower he loomed over by crouching, taking in deep breaths. "You're just- you're just a normal flower. Not one of the

enderfucking Egg's parasites- how the fuck are you even growing right now? Winter might be ending, but there's still a shitton of snow around." Toby sighs with frustration. Caused by a *flower*.

End's sake, he thought he was getting better.

Red flowers shouldn't bother him as much by now, he was even going to *therapy* as suggested by Phil and the others.

He has to snort though, therapy.

It was...

Going well, actually.

It was definitely great seeing Puffy again, seeing she was alive was amazing. Seeing her interact and flirt with Niki, doubly so! He very much supported them both, hoping that maybe, this Niki (who has already suffered just a bit underneath the fucked up baby Egg) could find the happiness that his didn't. Could gain the opportunities he knows that his Niki wished dearly for. Maybe this time, they'd actually get engaged and married.

He remembers the heartache Niki suffered when Puffy didn't come back during one of the missions. They couldn't even recover her remains in time from how bad it was really going. She died a hero though, saving most of her team and sacrificing herself for their sake. Niki treasured the promise ring Puffy gave her, kept it on her all times.

Yeah, he really hopes that the younger Puffy and Niki he sees on the regular now would be happier no matter what.

He has to wonder though, was his Puffy a certified therapist when she was around or not? He genuinely couldn't remember if she was. Around the time she was still alive, things had been hectic, but remembering all her offers to talk and reassurances that she was there- she probably was a therapist.

Captain of a ship to a professional therapist.

He has to wonder how the hell that happened.

Well, he could ask during their next session.

Thwack!

Spluttering, Toby almost stumbled in place from the sudden hit that nailed the back of his head. "Hey!" He stood up, shaking his head and getting the snow out of his hair and off his coat.

His annoyance doesn't really last long as he hears the twin sounds of bright laughter, he still keeps it up as he gives the two teens the stink-eye. "Aw, big bad Toby got hit by a snowball- you're getting rusty there king!" Tommy snickered, eyes twinkling with mischief and mouth in a toothy grin. Besides him, his younger self stood, mirroring him, though Toby was very

sure he was the one who threw the snowball from how quickly he put down his hand when he stood up.

Nailed in the head by Tubbo with a snowball, Technoblade and Chat would mock him endlessly if they were there right now. "Rusty huh? I'll show you rusty!" He growled playfully, making a show of rolling his shoulders before *running* right at them with a sharp grin.

They shrieked and did their best to scramble away, escape before he could catch them.

Unfortunately his years spent traveling the tundras obviously gave him the winning advantage.

He tackled them down, making them scream and quickly, he acted.

"AAAAAAH! PUT ME DOWN BITCH!"

"WHEEEEE!"

Toby cackled, tucking both teens underneath his armpits and trekking through the snow with not much difficulty. Despite how somewhat peaceful it's been, he was still keeping up with his training just fine! Mostly out of habit, but compared to the past and with Techno only just coming out of his week-long hibernation, he's been rather lax if had to admit it. Still didn't mean he couldn't pick up either Tommy or Tubbo, the latter more delighted by the lift than Tommy was.

Tommy always was just so easy to pick up.

He wondered if that was still the same with Theo...

"TOBY!" He quickly snapped out of it as Tommy shrilled, "I SWEAR TO FUCK I WILL END YOU IF YOU DON'T PUT ME DOWN RIGHT THIS INSTANT!" A bit off-kilter from his thoughts, his grip on Tommy loosens considerably enough that the blond lands face first into the snow below.

"Whoops, sorry there Tommy. Well, I mean you *did* want me to let go." Toby mused at the unintentional but still amusing outcome. He chuckled, snow crunching under his boots as he stepped away from Tommy who scrambled to get back on his feet with an angry hiss and curses right on his tongue.

"*Fuck you fuck you you're old, you suck, you're a fucking t-*" Toby interrupted him with a surprised sound when he felt a slight pain on the back of his hand- *Tubbo pinched him!*

"*Tubbo!*" He exclaimed with no-real hurt as he dropped his younger self who laughed and cheered.

"*Freedom!* Quick Tommy, run!" Tubbo shouted, scrambling back to his feet and running towards Tommy, grabbing his hand and going off once more.

Watching them run in the snow, laughing happily as they went- it warmed and pained Toby's heart.

This.

This was how things should've been after L'Manberg's independence.

Had things been better, being able to be teens once more instead of an exiled soldier and a spy.

A chance to be happy, in a country they built from the ground up.

Toby looked to his side, imagining a certain someone standing beside him. They were-getting along well. There were good days and bad days, but Toby wished they were on better terms. Yes, he still wished they had what the teens had, or regained it like it was but now he knew better than to obsess and 'fix' their broken relationship. He still wanted to, but the way he'd been going at it was admittedly (with reluctance) not a good way. He'd been too desperate, too focused on their past, on wanting things the way back then that he just further alienated Theo.

Even though he tried not to do it anymore, he still kind of wanted Theo by his side to play in the snow. A childish little want.

At the very least he'd think it'd be fun if they both chased after their younger selves, the both of them could maybe teach them a lesson on avoiding people in the snow and stuff.

Speaking of which, he gave them enough of a headstart and no doubt they had to head back soon.

Time to hunt.

"It's working."

The portal whispered, humming in an familiar yet unfamiliar tune. The silver light shimmered and glowed, particles and mini-starlight either fell or floated from one portal, to the other.

He laughed, an overwhelming feeling of relief and awe washing over him, nearly toppling him down. *"It's working! Phil- PHIL WE DID IT!"* His grandfather laughed with him, squeezing his hand and shaking ever so slightly. *"It's- It seems stable, both portals! They're, oh my goodness, oh my ender- Phil just look at it!"* He bounced in place, letting go of Philza's hand to gesture madly at the powerful structure before him.

"I see it Fundy- good fucking ender I see it." Phil rasped, sounding just a tiny bit disbelieving even though the proof was *right there*. Right there in front of them.

The time portal stood right before the end portal. Connected by solidified redstone and lapis wires and carvings, both portals glowed in tandem a silver-nearly-white shade. The time portal was modified so that it could withstand the more powerful but stable energy that was the end portal, working with nine Eyes of Ender instead of just one had done *wonders* but at the same time, the old portal hadn't exactly worked nor looked okay hooked up to the thing.

Instead of the time portal being four blocks wide and five blocks tall, they had to widen it by one- making the portal five by five. However, they didn't have to create new blocks actually for the portal, instead they reworked and carefully altered the netherite block's carvings so that instead of being corners and got rid of the stone blocks, using the iron as the middle catalyst between both netherite blocks which would connect to the end portal. Their time portal lacked any corners now, just like the end portal frame. It not only worked better but was symmetrically and aesthetically pleasing.

And now?

It worked!

All that time, the research, the experiments, the effort- all the sleepless nights, the blood, sweat and tears shed over the portal *had been worth it.*

"Okay... Okay! Okay, okay okay- we need- fuck, this is great! We just need to see the other side, c-confirm out coordinates! If, if we got it right, if we stepped through the portal, we'd end up right where *and* when Tubbo and Tommy ended up!" Hopefully, it was right. But if it wasn't- the end realm was still their last resort. Fundy felt the urge to just- leap right into the portal, he needed to *know* that he and Philza had truly succeeded, that they had a legitimate way out now and that there was a chance they could see both men once again. Toby especially.

Maybe... even his dad...

He bit his lip, his fist clenching as he remembered the last time he'd ever seen him.

Through the window, his da- Ghostbur watched with worry, 'What's going on over there? Fundy?! Phil?!' The time window they had opened was trembling, the Eye was cracking.

Fundy saw Ghostbur reach out as if to touch them, reach over the window to them and frantically tried to stop him, "WAIT! Dad no! Don't touch the-" 'But Fundy you look-'

*The moment Ghostbur touched the window, the ghost **screamed.***

"DAD!" "WILBUR!" He and his grandfather screamed with him, frantically trying to stabilize the portal. The time window flickered then finally blink out of existence, cutting his father's scream into an abrupt silence. But the scream seemed to linger in his head, and he sobbed.

They were the reason Ghostbur had disappeared.

They may very well had killed him, all over again.

That had been tough. Trying to get back on their feet after that failure had been... not easy.

But here they were now! At the cusp of success!

Philza smiled, rubbing his eyes not only because of his tears but his exhaustion as well. They'd both been up for two days now, and desperately needed sleep. But now that they've

succeeded, sleep seemed to be out for now. They needed to- to observe their new portals, make sure everything went fine! Fuck, so much to do... "I'll- I'll go comm Quackity, Niki-shit, where did I put my communicator?"

With a wry smile, he watched his grandfather stumble to the side, looking for his lost communicator. He'd offer his own, but he had no idea where it was either. He looked over to the portals.

They were one step closer, to a better life.

If they really did sync up and accurately set up the portal's time coordinates, they should maybe be able to see Tubbo and Tommy again. Hopefully they were okay...

' Fundy? '

He froze, blinking rapidly at the echo-y whisper he heard.

Was that...?

'-son you look so tired. '

"Dad?" Fundy whispered in disbelief, cautiously inching closer to the portals. They had built a platform surrounding the end portal frame for easier access and use. He looked between the two portals, the one standing by the side, and the one in the ground. "D-Dad is that you?"

' Have you been sleeping well? Are you okay? '

He's on his knees, hands nearly touching the glowing row of Eyes that powered the two portals together. "P-Phil- PHIL! It's Dad! I can he-" He shouts, heart pounding in his chest. He's interrupted just as Phil replies.

"What do you- **FUNDY!!**"

A bright, neon green hand grabs his shirt and Fundy screams as silvery white overtakes his vision, soon fading into pitch black.

I'm sorry, but I have little options left.

Ranboo startles as he hears a plate shatter, whirling to see Ghostbur frozen in place, clutching his chest and thick, blue tears falling down his face. "Ghostbur? A-Are you okay?"

The ghost doesn't answer him, whispering with a broken, horrified that echoed horribly in his head.

'Fundy?'

we

are

BACK :D

are you excited? cause i'm excited. and nervous. GOD IT'S WEIRD BUT GOOD TO BE BACK WITH WRITING THEO, TOBY AND JUST-

IT'S REMIX TIME BABEYYYYYYY

okay, so first chapter is here! not my masterpiece unfortunately but a very good start. we're starting off nice and easy... heh, for theo and toby at least. future fundy on the other hand? yeouch. not very easy. future ranboo? ehh we'll get to him eventually, patience readers. you've waited this long for remix, you can wait a bit more for mono :)

BUT. WE. ARE. STARTING!!!

IT'S 2022 AND THE STORY IS BACK ON TRACK!!

OKAY IMPORTANT THING TO NOTE; updates are gonna be a little slow. i do still want to update my other stories of course, remix won't be my main focus (because right now my focus is shit, i'm trying to fix my sleep schedule and get back into the swing of writing properly (aka straighten up my plots and ideas and actually write consistently)) so updates are gonna be slow with remix at first.

i think it'll pick up after i finish book covers (which i will finish eventually, writer's block has unfortunately taken me by the throat) so faster updates will happen after that. maybe. who knows. i hate my brain and myself. my update timing is never really clear.

god i wish i could do the daily updates again, does anyone remember that? when i updated daily for like, a month straight? i remember and that's still my proudest moment, but i'm not sure if i could replicate that again; might end up burnt out. partially why i'm doing slower updates as well.

admittedly i am very nervous for this because i do want remix to live up to rewind and the expectations and hype that i've left it. i really need to get back into the mindset of it! but im also keeping in mind that this isn't only for you guys, it's also for me. i want to have fun with the sequel, and i'm gonna have it, one way or another.

at any rate, welcome back everyone!! or welcome to the first time readers. first time readers, this is a SEQUEL fic so you probably want to read the first fic to make sense of this. maybe, that's up to you.

TO EVERYONE WHO'S COMING BACK FOR MORE REWIND, I WELCOME YOU WITH OPEN ARMS! IGNORE THE DAGGERS named ANGST AND DRAMA I HAVE, THEY HAVE NO SIGNIFICANCE WHATSOEVER :)

man, it's good to be back

The Widening Rift

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"It's not working."

The portal was empty, both frames stood mockingly still in front of them on the platform.

He groaned, disappointment and frustration falling on him once again as he dropped his face into his hands. He hears the mirroring groans beside him, "It's not working- *UGH!* I was *sure* it'd work this time! We fixed up the runes, we've reworked the portal frame a bit- fresh Eyes even!" He exclaimed, stomping over to check over their work for the *n*th time *today*. They had thought they'd at least make a *spark* or something, sure they were glad it didn't explode (again) but still, a non-reaction was just as bad as a bad reaction.

At least with a bad reaction, they could easily figure out the source as to what caused it but non-reactions were tricky to figure out. "What the *fuck* are we doing wrong?" His ears pinned back, fists clenched as he glared at the stupid fucking portals. It wasn't fair, wasn't it *them* who figured out time travel? Even if it was from the future, they were supposed to be able to use the end portal frame as a viable, more powerful source of energy to fuel the time portal that Theo and Toby came through!

A hand dropped on Fundy's shoulder, giving a comforting squeeze. "It's a'ight mate, we'll get it." His grandfather gave him a comforting smile that he returned, only to drop it as he sees something green move in his peripheral vision.

It's Dream, slumping over the table, muttering to himself and writing unto a notepad.

Seeing him disheveled and maskless was a normal sight now-a-days. It was definitely weird in the beginning, scratch that it was *still kinda* weird now but he and Phil had gotten used to it. They had to if they wanted to focus completely on the portals. But yeah, working with Dream?

Not going as expected.

Had someone told Fundy before, well, *everything*, that he, his grandfather *and* Dream would be working together to replicate and enhance a *time traveling portal as well as a portal to a supposedly mythical realm* after *dealing with time traveling versions of his uncle and his uncle's best friend* along with a *parasitic apocalypse-causing egg*. He would have pretty much thought they were high of their ass off of bad fucking drugs or just fucking delusional.

Dream was, and still is, a smart man.

It was one of the reasons why he admired him so much when he was younger.

And honestly after working with him for the last few months? He still did, just not in the same way as before. It was hard to truly admire the man who, in another future, had a hand in breaking apart his family. That Dream, who he has never met and would forever be grateful he *couldn't* meet, would be someone who earned his hate rather than his respect.

This one though?

Still on the fence, but considering the circumstances and after everything that happened...

Dream was someone he and his grandfather had (somewhat begrudgingly) become someone they could work with and rely on when it came to the portals.

And Theo's enchantment.

Which was... difficult to say the least.

Bad's original plan for Theo to undergo therapy as a way for him to slowly 'let go' of the enchantment was going... Not so well, Theo's latest sessions were improving at a slow rate (he ran out the door this time, had to be progress right?) and no one was really happy about it. The enchantment and asshole future Dream's influence, plus Theo's own stubbornness and reluctance was holding their plans back and as much as they wanted to be patient; the enchantment *had* to go. This was all unanimously ~~with Theo's exception~~ agreed with.

So they were trying to find another way, hopefully faster or even better. Bad didn't know if there even *was* another way but he and Skeppy had also helping with that as well, however the two were taking a well-earned break for now, they needed to head back to their own home, relax a bit after spending who knows how long in Dream's Base. They'd return in time.

It's been almost a solid week since he and Phil had come to the Stronghold to work on the portal with Dream, having thought they managed a breakthrough with unfortunate results. Which lead to now; their latest failure.

"What if we modify the carvings?" Dream proposed, tracing the lines and curves that were etched into the blocks of the portal. "That has to be it."

"Modify them to what *exactly*? We have no idea what runes to carve or even which one to modify!" Fundy huffed, combing through his frazzled fur in frustration and exhaustion. "And once we make the modifications, we can't exactly *undo* them easily now can we?"

"Then we make new blocks! Replicate the carvings-"

"Do you know how *time consuming it is* to carve through *netherite*? And we've have to be so very precise-"

"We make the right tools, it'll be easy to carve them. Also hello? I've been carving my masks for *years*-"

"Boys."

They turned to Philza, exasperated, tired, annoyed. "*What?!*"

The old man sighed, rubbing his eyes and shaking his head. "I think it's time we finally pack it up for now. We need rest, and sleep. Clearly, continuing on as we are now is just going to fuck us over in the end." He said while nudging both men off the portal platform. "Fundy and I have been here for almost a week, Tech's hibernation should've been done by now. We should head home soon."

For all the protests both men had, it really was clear that they couldn't actually refuse or truly go against him on the matter.

Plus, Sapnap and the others have been telling them to take a break for a while now. It would do them good, to get out of the Stronghold finally and do something else aside from agonize and repeatedly test the portals.

As Fundy worked with his grandfather and former enemy to tidy up their cluttered workspace a bit before they left, he yawned and absentmindedly wondered what his father was doing right at the moment. The man had been busy collaborating with Schlatt and Quackity for the winter, readying everyone for the season and was no doubt busy once again to ready everyone for the season's change.

Though, no matter how busy he was, Wilbur had always left some time for Fundy, be it a call or a few texts in their comms.

He smiled, taking his communicator out to check his messages- he'd been so busy with the portal with Phil and Dream, he hadn't really checked until now.

A couple messages from Wilbur, one from Niki, a few from Toby-

Ah, a new message from Ranboo?

Fundy frowned as he read it.

<Ranboo> Uh Fundy are you okay??

<Ranboo> Fundy? Hello?

<Ranboo> Must still be busy with the portal

<Ranboo> Look Ghostbur's really worried about you for some reason? It came out of nowhere but he's insisting that you were in trouble

<Ranboo> oh dera

<Ranboo> He's leaving to find you and he looks kinda not good!!

<Ranboo> i'm goigng afre him hold on

'*FUNDY!!!*'

Fundy barely had any time to process Ranboo's messages and yelped, fumbling with his communicator at the loud echo-y *scream* that came from the walls and bounced around the room. The fox hybrid shrieked when a translucent figure body slammed him to the floor, holding him tightly and fussing over him. "*Da-Ghostda-bur?!!*" He muffles as Ghostbur was

worriedly squishing his cheeks together, turning his head in search of an injury that wasn't there.

'Oh my son- Are you okay?! Are you hurt? Do you need a health pot? What happened, where does it hurt?' The apparition fussed, cold, see-through yet solid fingers combing through his fur anxiously with a tender but hurried touch. *'Don't worry son, I'm right here. I'm right here, no one's going to hurt you while I'm here.'*

"But I'm not hurt?" Fundy replied with furrowed brows. He was exhausted and desperately wanted a warm bath and a nice bed but hurt? The worst injury he had at the moment was a slight burn when handling the power of the End Portal Frame and that was mostly healed already!

His reply falls on deaf, dead ears as Ghostbur stills, "Ghostbur?" Phil questioned warily from the side, his shock turning into caution as the ghost of his dead alternate son from the future turns and looks at Dream.

'Y o u'

Dream backed up against the table, quickly taking his axe on hand as Ghostbur's transparent body flickered and the scent of gunpowder and ash overtook the room. It seemed to flake off the ghost's body as blue dripped from Ghostbur's chest.

'w h a t d i d y o u d o?' Ghostbur whispered, his face scarily blank as he finally let go of Fundy who shuddered and kicked himself away from the new terrifying form of his dead father.

Ghostbur has always been a terrifying reminder of what happened, what *could have been*. No matter what visage he took depending on his mood. His appearance varied from a cheerful, kind, and gentle to brooding, near-violent and emotional.

This Ghostbur was stoic-faced. The coat appeared heavy on his shoulders once more, but instead of tattered at the ends, it was *singed*- embers to a fire that was feeding hungrily on his coat and his clothes but never completely lit aflame. It had the potential though, and that has never happened. *What has* happened before though, were the ash and blue that stained Ghostbur's skin, only unlike before, it seemed to be *worse*. Encompassing the phantom's skin to the point he no longer looked transparent, he looked *nearly solid* if it weren't for the fact he was hovering slightly and his eyes were still a horrid, grey-white that belonged to the dead.

Dream gripped his axe tightly, but was in a defensive position, "Nothing! I- I didn't do a thing Ghostbur, I promise!"

'L I E S!' Ghostbur's stoicism finally breaks. Dream jumps to the side as the phantom collides with the table that was behind him. The ghost doesn't phase through the table, he *hits it* and *it breaks*. Cracks nearly in half as blue explodes and paints over the notes, books and tools that had been on it, smoking slightly and leaving its mark. ***'You did something! I know you did! I should have known you weren't any different from the Dream that took my brother.'*** He hisses, rearing up for another lunge, this time with a diamond sword in his hands.

"WILBUR NO!" "DAD WAIT!"

Despite the axe he had in hand, Dream's first action was to *run*. He bolted towards the door, Ghostbur shrieks and follows after him, and after him followed Fundy and Philza. Dream crashed *through* the, thankfully, wooden door, scrambling to run down the hall to the living area. He curses as he dodges a close swing from the enraged specter behind him, his main armor was in his enderchest! And his backup was in his room the opposite from where he took off running!

'YOU TOOK MY BROTHER AWAY FROM ME BUT YOU WILL NOT TAKE MY SON!'

"I DON'T WANT YOUR SON YOU CRAZY FUCKING LUNATIC!" Dream screamed back, jumping over the couch only to drop to his stomach and roll underneath the table to dodge another swing. He continued to roll as Ghostbur stabbed at the table just so he could tear it away and directly get to Dream.

Ghostbur attempted to charge at Dream again, only to be held back by two sets of arms. Fundy and Philza held on tightly, "Wilbur! Snap out of it! You're going crazy!" Philza strained, trying to keep the thrashing ghost still.

"Dad, I'm fine! Dream didn't hurt me!" Fundy pleaded, doing his best to restrain his dead father as well.

However, it only takes a moment for the ghost to remember; he was dead and the dead didn't have to be touched by the living.

Both hybrids fell as their grip on solid limbs disappeared, their hands stained with dark blue liquid and ash as Ghostbur chased after Dream who had escaped thanks to Fundy and Philza's momentary efforts. The green-eyed man had ran towards the nether portal in an effort to truly escape, but had to skid to a halt to prevent himself from colliding with something solid instead.

Someone solid.

"Theo?!"

The masked blond didn't say a word as he quickly grabbed Dream and shoved him behind him, Dream stumbled, dropping his axe as he almost hit the terrified Ranboo that had also came from the portal behind them.

Shlick

Theo had nightmares.

That's not particularly new news, nightmares came hand-in-hand with everything he's experienced so far in his life.

But one nightmare comes to mind, re-occurring from time to time, and it used to be his worst one because it had *hurt so much*. And the worse part? It wasn't entirely a nightmare. Not

really. Not at the crux of it.

It starts with nice, deceptively so. He's home, or in L'Manberg, or just having a good time on his own.

Then his brother comes, joining him, making it *better*. They're laughing, teasing, Wilbur is smiling happy and free and *loving*.

Then it changes.

Sometimes it's subtle, like Wilbur's smile not reaching his eyes, his voice getting strained and smoky, his outfit change from warm, bright colors to dull and lifeless ones. Sometimes it's not subtle at all, Wilbur shouts at him with harsh words and glaring eyes, shoving him down, down, *down* into the darkness or maybe just some old fashion hits that bruise his skin and make him cry.

Sometimes, it's not even a dream, but a memory of cold walls, buttons strewn all over the place while Wilbur *laughs* and *laugh and laugh and laughs*. Malicious plans held back by pleading words, broken promises and one memory leads to another, to another brother who breaks his heart into pieces just like Wilbur.

Theo never really expected for another nightmare to come true. A rare one, but a nightmare Theo remembers well.

But here it is; Wilbur, Ghostbur, ~~his brother~~ Ghostbur has his sword stabbed into him. The man has hurt him, once again, more physically this time than ever before.

His sword is right in his side, the same side that Dream, *his Dream original owner friend*, had treated and taken the fucking parasite for him.

He wheezes, hunching over, grabbing the blade with his bare hands and steps back. Taking the sword with him. Strangely, there isn't any resistance from Ghostbur who is silent, wide-eyed. Horrified even. It confuses him through the pain, the anger, the *annoyance*. He got fucking stabbed by *Ghostbur* of all people. The pathetic shadow of his ex-brother, a shade of who he used to be.

And yet the instance he saw Ghostbur coming full-force for Dream, terror shot in his veins as he sees Wilbur, Pogtopia-sicken Wilbur coming right at him with such anger.

But he couldn't run, no he had to protect protect protect DREAM-

'T-Tommy? I don't- I didn't-' The horrified phantom stammers, floating closer, the ash that covered his skin breaks apart and flutter to the ground, the blue that stained his chest stopped bleeding and Theo hisses at him.

Or tries to, pain jumps from the stab wound and he stumbles back again- right into Dream and Ranboo's arms. Fundy and Philza are finally at the scene too, gasping at the sight of a bleeding Theo with a sword to his side, being lowered on the floor.

Ghostbur tries to come closer, 'I'm sorry, I didn't mean to- DON'T TOUCH HIM YOU-' he starts snarling at Dream only to stop when a pained growl sounded and a bloody sword clatters below him.

Theo pants with gritted teeth underneath the porcelain, trying to keep breath but he growls all the same, "*Go away Ghostbur.*"

It's a familiar, if a bit different scene.

Dream does not step between them this time, only holds Theo down, keeping pressure on the wound with Ranboo's frantic help, scolding him for pulling out the sword when it was mitigating most of the bleeding.

They're not in a forest, they're underground in a Stronghold told in stories and myths.

"*Fuckin- you, just, just go- away Wilbur.*"

And Tommy does not cry, but his words still send Ghostbur, *Wilbur* away.

'I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.' Sobs the phantom and flies right into the Nether portal. Disappearing into the hellscape realm.

"Y-You want me to- to do what?" Ranboo gaped, staring at the blond man currently sat on his bed. Placed and forced to stay there for his betterment by both Philza and Dream after they dealt with his injury.

Theo sighs, with his mask off Ranboo could see the grimace on his face before the blond man looked away from Ranboo. "Find Ghostbur- the fucking idiot went somewhere, just find him and keep an eye on him. Or bring him back to L'Manberg, I don't care- just find the damned ghost."

"I uh, why, me exactly?" The enderman hybrid fidgeted.

"Because the asshole has been staying with you? He actually, genuinely likes you? Just- *fucking go find him*. Toby will have my ass if Ghostbur disappears again because of me." His hands clutched at the blanket, wincing and groaning as he cupped his side tenderly.

"A-Are you-" "*Go* Ranboob."

Ranboo was out the door before he even knew it, though halfway towards the nether portal, he paused. "He... called me Ranboob?" Tommy usually called him that.

Huh.

He shook his head, *focus*.

He had to, somehow find Ghostbur.

Easier said than done, he had no idea where the dead man went! Sure, Ghostbur has been 'living' with him for the past few months but that didn't exactly translate to Ranboo somehow being able to tell where Ghostbur might go!

Why did Theo even want him to find Ghostbur in the first place? He kinda thought that the man wouldn't have wanted that, but then again, he said that Toby would be mad if Ghostbur disappeared again...

"Does he really think he'd disappear into time again?" He wonders aloud, in the Overworld by the community house. "I mean, the first was by chance but, a second time? Would that even be possible?"

His communicator pings and he checks.

It was from Theo!

<TheoInnit> check these coordinates if you really dont know where to find him

<TheoInnit> go home if you actually cant find him

Oh, convenient but Ranboo wasn't going to complain. He messages his thanks and messages a few others before setting off to the first coordinate that Theo sent. It's a hill that oversees L'Manberg, Ranboo could even see the giant flag swaying in the wind. Neat, but no Ghostbur.

The next place is a bit trickier, Ranboo has to dig a bit but he ends up in a ravine of some sorts. It's narrow, kind of creepy but second time's the charm and he hears a wispy, echo-y mutter bouncing off the walls. He hesitates but sends a message to Theo before carefully looking for the source of the mutters.

He sees him after placing a few torches down for light, floating on an edge of the ravine. He climbs up and when he's close enough he hears;

'I'm so sorry, I'm so so sorry. I didn't mean it, please. Why did I- no, I know why- I'm not crazy. I'm not. I- he was doing something, I know what I heard- Fundy was hurt. Fundy wasn't hurt though. I'm sorry. Fucking Dream. But oh, Toms, oh Toms, please- Fundy! My champion, my sweet boy, your arm... it was there, but I saw- am I really losing myself again? No, no that can't be, surely-'

Ranboo wants to turn back now, Ghostbur was really being weird and terrifying right now.

But...

'Hehe, it looks like we both hate the rain!' The specter laughed, a bit melted around the edges as they took shelter underneath a tree. 'It's fine Ranboo, I'm fine! Are you okay though?'

Humming a song, Ghostbur placed the hot bowl into his hands, smiling widely, 'I can't exactly taste things Ranboo but I hope this tastes good for you! Just let me know okay?'

'Tommy's a... was a, good kid. Wonderful, bratty, loud little shit.' Ghostbur sighed wistfully, sad as he tugged the coat around his shoulders. 'Utterly annoying, but endearing. He was

good. He was... so good... And I hurt him.' He choked, 'I hurt my little brother Ranboo and I regret it, every time I remember. I regret it.'

Ghostbur was his friend. And it looked like he needed someone right now.

"Hey, Ghostbur."

Chapter End Notes

WE ALREADY HAVE FANART AGAIN!!!!
BY OLD REWIND VETERAN FANS!!!

[by Rena!](#)

IT'S RENA AGAIN! WE DRAGGED THEM BACK INTO THE DSMP FANDOM WITH REMIX YALL IT'S GREAT TO SEE HER HERE :DDDD they drew foolish and theo, as well as toby, tommy and tubbo from last chapter!

[by rabble-dabble](#)

RABBLE-DABBLE MY BELOVED!! theo and toby in the snow :) how lovely <3

[by rabble-dabble](#)

oiashrpeaiuhda rabble made a comic of the dream team telling theo he needs therapy!!! and as in character, theo jumps into the lava to escape their love, concern and support!

it really is good to be back in action!! and look! second chapter and we have family angst already :)

ghostbur and theo still have a LOT of unfinished business and tension between them. now, even more so! isn't that gonna fun to explore?

i'm glad i managed to get this update out before january ended. i kinda thought i wouldn't because of stuff from irl and my own mental state but i managed to finish this chapter today! hopefully in february i'll write and update more often. fingers crossed and im hoping!

in any rate, here's to the second chapter of Remix <3

A Theory and Could Have Beens

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Hey Ghostbur."

Like a breeze of fresh air, the voice helps lift the fog that was clouding his head, helps realign erratic thoughts and anchor him back to the twisted reality he found himself in.

He calms, a façade or a front? Perhaps, he's still flickering and that's enough to show how unbalanced he was. Is.

'... Ranboo, hey.' Wil-Ghostbur whispers, staring into the darkness of the ravine. Ranboo's torches may have given light to the place, but the area was still shrouded in shadows and made it all the more eerie. 'Sorry. I- I broke your plate.' It slipped out of his hands when he heard his son's voice in his head, *felt* the pain that he felt.

It was your imagination, Fundy is fine you twit.

No, it was real, it had to be.

But as he recalls what happened, he couldn't remember any visible injury Fundy had. He sounded fine, *seemed* fine, had it really been his imagination? No, it couldn't be, sure his mood could be flipped like a coin and his memories sometimes faded in and out but he had been *so sure*... the panic... the pain...

Blood seeps and stains the hands against the red hoodie, a porcelain mask forever frowning stares right at him but he could practically see the face behind it. Scarred, frustrated and fearful.

"Fuckin- you, just, just go- away Wilbur."

"Hey, it's- it's okay Ghostbur. I can always get a new one, a new plate. I never liked that plate anyway." Ranboo soothed a bit awkwardly.

The hybrid goes to sit down by where he was on the ledge, the ravine, *the* ravine, is smaller than he remembers. Emptier. Untouched.

Pogtopia does not exist within this ravine, within this world. Wilbur and Tommy were not exiled, were not hunted down by Manberg, which did not exist. Schlatt is president but he is not tyrant like before and they even work together for the betterment of the country. Well, alive Wilbur worked together with him. (He was the nuisance, he pesters them, Schlatt. Tries to see the man that banished him, see the tyrant he thought he knew.)

And he doesn't know how to feel about it.

On one hand, the hardships that happened to him, the misfortune, the *madness*, never happened. Wilbur Soot stands tall and proud as a trusted advisor in L'Manberg, he has his family's love and support, has the populace's admiration and respect, has solid friendships and though his sanity took some hits from the war, it never dwindled any further.

Ghostbur floats in the dark, unnamed ravine that once drove him mad. He was the second to kill L'Manberg, his family is in shambles, the populace remembers him with complication, his friendships were tentative if not destroyed, and he coaxed his father to kill him while his once-brother and son watched with horror, his other brother further destroys the country he'd created and killed.

Such a contrast, such a difference.

He's always been envious of himself in some sad and pathetic way, but this was definitely another level of jealousy.

"So..." Ranboo started abruptly, unable to take the silence anymore but immediately regretting. What could he even start on? The way Ghostbur had suddenly gone off? How the specter had tried to attack Dream? How he ended up injuring Theo instead? His behavior then and now? Why they were in this dark, creepy ravine? The possibilities were nearly endless!

'I didn't mean to hurt him.'

Red and green eyes glanced over to the see through figure, floating despairingly beside him.

Ghostbur was hunched over, despite his usual height, he seemed tiny. 'I was aiming for Dream, *I could never-*' he cut himself off, breath hitching with a realized lie and instead continued with a whisper. 'I never wanted to hurt him more, than I already did. Tommy. Theo. Him, my little brother.' He promised, he never wanted to hurt him more than he already did. Gaining his memories at the beginning, back when he had met Ranboo and on their travels, he had *promised* he wouldn't hurt Tommy. He'd be better than before, he'd make sure his little brother wouldn't suffer the same way, *that things would be different*.

And they *are* different.

Just not the different *he* had expected to be.

Because he didn't expect *Theo* and *Toby*.

Didn't expect them to change things before *he* did.

It was narcissistic and selfish, in hindsight, thinking that he- *fuck up of the century, worst brother and bad father, a wraith that did not belong in the realm of the living, Wilbur fucking Soot-* could *actually* change the past. That he could, in any way, make up for his wrongs by doing rights in a world pre-destined for horror and destruction.

Because really, could he really, *really*, make up for his insanity to a brother that never witnessed his madness? ~~*What right did the dead have to influence the living?*~~

A clean slate, was that what he was looking for? What if he fucked up again? *Made things worse than they'd been?*

Because for all he griped about Schlatt, he could *see* how things were getting better than before. How working together with Schlatt, who was miraculously sober, had their little country flourish.

Yet it was no miracle that Schlatt was sober, oh no- it was *Toby* that caused that. Little bee-boy Tubbo, the boy in the box, the boy who was practically their brother even though Phil had never formally adopted him.

Just another boy he failed and ruined, another brother he's caused harm.

It's a sad thing. To have the children you've fucked up do better than you, the adult in their lives.

"Well," Ranboo quietly says, fingers nervously fidgeting, "You did and uh, you scared everyone a lot too. BUT!" He abruptly exclaims, looking panicked yet trying to seem reassuring, "He's- he's doing okay! They- they gave him a healing potion and patched him right up! Yeah, he's doing, doing fine." It's a relief, to hear that. And yet, the sadness amplifies along with the anger as he thinks on who *'they'* actually is.

Dream.

It had to be Dream. Always.

Now Ghostbur may have been mad when he was alive, he was certainly the fire that destroyed but Dream had been the fuel. A component to not only his own downfall, but everyone else's.

Especially Theo's.

And yet... Why the *fuck* was everyone giving *him* a second chance?! Even *Toby- the one person who knows, who **should** know how much of a fucking bad idea that is-* was giving him the benefit of the doubt.

*The man BRANDED his little brother! Why the **fuck was he still alive right now?!***

Before his anger could grow further, Ranboo gains his attention. Nervous but worriedly curious. "Ghostbur, why did you- back then, you said Fundy was hurt? Why would you think that?"

'I-' He immediately started but found himself at a loss of words alongside the anger. Why *had* he thought Fundy was hurt? Yes, he'd heard it in his head but that wasn't the only reason surely. 'I felt it.' Was his unsatisfying answer, to both himself and Ranboo. Speaking it aloud, it really dawned how irrational his anger and actions had been. A sour realization that *really* hit him, 'I felt Fundy's fear, his panic. I *heard* him, in my head.' Even to him, it sounds ridiculous. Small doubts sow themselves into him even though he had been so *sure*, so convinced...

And yet Fundy was fine at the Stronghold. Exhausted, but there wasn't an injury in sight.

'I know how it sounds Ranboo, even to me, it sounds fucking barmy but- a father *knows* when something is wrong with their child.' Though he started strong, he couldn't help but wilt when he said 'father'. End knows he doesn't deserve to call himself that, but still. 'Knows that something happened, that something... I may not be the best father, end knows- I know I'm not. But I still care for him, my little champion.'

Ranboo was quiet, thoughtful, as Ghostbur continued. 'I'm not the most sane of mind, that I also know. I'm dead, an echo of a man who doesn't exist in this world, my head is missing a few screws but I promise you that something is wrong. Was wrong? I just- *Fundy's in trouble*. My *son* is in trouble, I can *feel it*, I can *hear it*. He's- I have to help him.'

His fists clench and there's blue leaking out of his fingers, lapis-shaded sludge pouring out of his frustrated pores. 'But yes, I saw Fundy earlier. He's tired, he's *fine*. I- I can't understand it. He's in trouble, in danger but he's- I'm not that crazy. I know what I heard I know-'

"Ghostbur!" Ghostbur's unneeded breath hitched, "Ghostbur I believe you."

Ranboo's smile was crooked at the look of disbelief the ghost gave him, 'Y-You do? Wha- Why?'

"Because, you're my friend. And, I think you're actually kinda right maybe?" Ranboo looked sheepish but very thoughtful, "I-I'm not sure but, it's a theory and..."

Ghostbur was blindsided by Ranboo's admission. Friend? They were friends? That... that was right. They *were* friends, he had spent months with Ranboo. Traveling with him, helping each other out. End's sake, he *told* Ranboo they were friends multiple times even then!

...

'What's the theory? What's- what do you mean by 'kinda right'? He knows he's not crazy, not *that* crazy at least. But, he needed to hear something from someone else other than himself. A chance that maybe, he wasn't deluding himself that he was right again. That he wasn't losing his mind more than he's already had. He couldn't bear with that.

The enderman hybrid took in a deep breath, "W-What I mean by that is, well- you've told me before on how you came to the past right? You, you touched a portal, thing, that was made by Future Fundy and Philza? Your- uh, your Fundy and Philza. I-It's a theory, but, what if the Fundy you thought was hurt or in trouble was that Fundy? Future Fundy? What if that's what happened? It would- would make some sense right? I don't know how time travel and portals work but, it could be- Ghostbur?" His nervous ramblings and questions stopped as he sees the distant look on his face.

It slowly turned into a look of realized horror, the blue that stained his everything seemed to glow and steam and the coat on his shoulders flared.

'Oh.'

Theo scowled as he laid still underneath his blanket, ignoring the slight twinge on his side when he lightly adjusted himself to be more comfortable, to curl deeper into his sheets and pillow in an effort to ignore *him*.

Him, who sat by his bed, unimpressed and exasperated by his actions.

Well if he was so unimpressed he could just *leave*-

"Do you think, if we just left. Things would've been better?"

He froze, fingers digging roughly into his blanket. It takes a moment for him to process the question and he exhales shakily.

Toby, who had come to visit as soon as he heard what happened, sat by his bed. The scarred man wasn't looking at him when he asked the question, no, he was looking at the unfinished embroidery that Theo had left on his desk. One of the few hobbies he's picked up again, now that he had the time and stability to do so. It... eased a lot of things. He'd missed it. It was one of the things that Dream had let him keep doing, he even liked Theo's tailoring, especially when it came to repairing their clothes, making new ones or even just making a few personal things for him.

The unfinished work was of a cow herd, a bunch of mooblooms actually, grazing in a field. Most of the cows weren't finished, he's just completed the grass and he'd started a few of the trees and part of the sky. It was a big project he just, wanting to do something now that ~~Dream didn't need him as much anymore~~ *useless* he had more time on his hands.

"If we had just left back then, if we ran off together, do you think we could've been happier?"

He stared at the wall, unable to move. Unable to think. Or maybe, he just didn't want to.

"I've thought about it before." Toby admitted softly, still looking at the unfinished piece on his desk rather than him and Theo can't decide if he's thankful or not about that. "Many times. Ever since I was president." Before or after you thought I died, Theo *doesn't* ask in his head. He doesn't want to know, he really doesn't.

...

It aches, how Toby doesn't even ask if he thought of it before because they both know the answer to that. He can't even lie to himself; he has thought of it before.

Fantasized in exile and afterwards.

But as the years went by, he gradually stopped.

Three guesses as for the reason why, the first two don't count.

What would've been the point in thinking more about it anyway? Useless thoughts that did nothing more than dig up old pain and new, he wasn't ever going to just *leave* like that because he was *loyal loyaltodreamLOYALTODRE*- he was loyal, so he stayed.

Just like they did back then.

"I think we would've done well, if we ran off. Doing whatever- I'd probably do more redstone, I forgot how much I really loved it y'know? Tubbo reminded me, when he asked me to help him with this redstone project he's working on... Never really had the time or energy to, do personal redstone projects for fun myself but, I think in whatever place we settled in. There would've been plenty of machinery, lots of redstone all over the place." Toby prattled, and against his will, Theo saw it on the wall. Threaded together by his imagination.

A cobblestone house, or partially cobble sitting by a creek or something. That'd be their main house, and Toby would no doubt build a whole entire building just for his redstone stuff. A lab of his own, he's always wanted it before, a proper one. A brown-haired man was covered in redstone, goggles glinting in the sun as he cackled or bemoaned whatever outcome of his current project.

"Oh, and a redstone apiary! Powered, protected by redstone. So many bees- I'd make the greatest honey, do you think the honey or wax would be different if the bees pollinated from mooblooms instead of regular flowers? I'd hope so, that'd be wonderful I think."

A dome made of glass and hidden machines, redstone subtly staining the structure but inside was a paradise of bumbling sweet bees and grazing soft mooblooms. Rare creatures that would've taken forever to find, but so worth it in the end. Honestly it's a great question whether or not the honey or wax would've been different if the extraordinary bovines were involved. Within the dome, a man with blond hair would no doubt find out whenever it was time to harvest.

"I'd like to think..."

Days spent in peace, two men- *two boys* grinning and laughing from sunset to sunrise. Music playing in the background during their downtime, and yells of exaggeration, jokes, japes and pranks that caused no real consequence for once. It wouldn't just be bees and mooblooms on their lands, there'd be so many other animals that were gathered from their adventures. Adventures that spanned far and wide but always returning to their house by the creek, or a small cliff side that faced the rising sun.

"That we would've been happy..."

What a peaceful life, it could've been.

Shame it would've ultimately be temporary.

"Until Dream inevitably comes." The blond boy whispers and the peace ends, much to their horrified dismay.

The fantasy trembles, and a new man stitches itself into his imagination. Familiar dark smile embroidered on white. He comes, like a storm, destructive and demanding. The dome shatters, the bees flee and the flowered cows perish in cruel swings, stabs or even explosions.

Explosions really, that's more likely to have happened to the little paradise. To the lab and redstone. To the cobble house by the cliff side. And the man in the mask takes the boys, dead or alive. Preferably alive. And though they made the valiant effort to resist, Theo knows exactly how it could have ended.

The scarred boy smiled ruefully, "Or maybe the Egg and it's vines come first."

Unnaturally bright red threads through the land, consuming every other color and creature. Spreading even to the skies as it tearfully rained blood. The boys would be forced to flee, or try to. The bees are no longer sweet, the flowers on the mooblooms decay and sprout anew, they, along with every other animal they would have had now crave the need to spread and destroy others that were not part of the Crimson.

Perhaps the boys manage to escape to the Nether through a portal built or hidden somewhere, perhaps one gets infected, or both. But either way, even with just each other, it would've been hard and near impossible to survive the apocalyptic circumstances. Not without sacrifice and grief, Toby knows how that could have been.

Or a third, far more terrifying option. Something that they thought simultaneously at the same time, Dream *and* the Egg arriving to get them. They certainly, wouldn't have survived that.

They could have been happy for a time, but just because they left did not mean they could escape what they left behind forever. At some point, at some time, it would catch up and overwhelm the boys.

And perhaps in another time, there'd be some more optimism in their endings. A possible, 'what if' that turned a better way...

It didn't matter in the end, it was a useless 'what if', a pointless 'would have and could have' that Toby brought up just for a topic to try and talk with Theo. Which, unfortunately, worked.

"If we left, maybe things could've been better, or happier." Theo finally answered Toby's question from earlier, face carefully blank even as his neck stings. "But it wouldn't have lasted forever. And it could've been worse in the end." Somehow.

Worse than being branded than a tool? Toby didn't ask.

Worse than being forced into a trial? Theo also, didn't ask.

Instead, Toby smiles. Rueful, bitter, but understanding and horribly empathetic. "Right." He agreed softly, slouching onto his knees. "It could've been worse in the end."

Or so they convinced themselves.

MannD messaged TheoInnit: EY

MannD messaged TheoInnit: R U OK??? I LEAVE BC OF THE COLD ASS WINTER NOW I HEAR U GOT STABBED?????

MannD messaged TheoInnit: by ur asshole dead bro no less?? wasnthe trying to do better o

somthin??

TheoInnit messaged MannD: I'm fine, I drank a healing pot. I'm okay MD.

TheoInnit messaged MannD: How did you ev

TheoInnit messaged MannD: It was Sapnap wasn't it?

MannD messaged TheoInnit: nah, quackity this time ouo

TheoInnit messaged MannD: Right, I keep forgetting you're both related somehow.

MannD messaged TheoInnit: tho sapitynap did message me afterwards

MannD messaged TheoInnit: distant cousins once removed, i babysat him a few times

MannD messaged TheoInnit: nt important rn, what the fuck hapened??

TheoInnit messaged MannD: Ghostbur freaked the fuck out out of nowhere for some reason, he thought Fundy was hurt or that Dream hurt him or whatever. He fucking tried to kill Dream.

MannD messaged TheoInnit: shit, evryone okay?

TheoInnit messaged MannD: Fundy was fine MD, don't worry. No one but me was hurt by that bitch. Which is actually a good thing if you think about it.

TheoInnit messaged MannD: Stop your typing MD, I'm just glad no one else got shanked by him okay?

MannD messaged TheoInnit: yea ok, same but like??? u were still hurt??

TheoInnit messaged MannD: At any rate, he left, I healed etc. etc. then he came back and we figured out what seemed to be wrong.

TheoInnit messaged MannD: Don't fucking know how, but we think that Ghostbur felt?

Heard? Whatver, he SENSED something was wrong with Fundy right? That he was hurt or something? We think it was future Fundy, Toby, Ghostbur and I's Fundy that was hurt and somehow Ghostbur felt it? I don't fucking know.

TheoInnit messaged MannD: Seems like bullshit really but, how the hell would I know.

MannD messaged TheoInnit: woah so like hes got a connection to the future or something? is that normal for spirits or

TheoInnit messaged MannD: Why are you asking me this, I'm not dead.

MannD messaged TheoInnit: u right

MannD messaged TheoInnit: still, gotta wonder what happened to lie, make him freak out

MannD messaged TheoInnit: hope hes ok. alive at least??

Theo stared down at his communicator and frowned, "Fundy's a strong man." He murmured, "He's- He'll be fine. He and Phil'll be fine. He..." He took in a deep breath. It took a few minutes for him to even reply.

TheoInnit messaged MannD: yeah

the world was an endless black

fundy

flashes of visions and images appeared and disappeared by his side, all familiar yet not

Fundy.

A green hand, bright and burning, yet not painful, dragged him through the void. I'm sorry, so sorry, but I cannot let him be.

"Fuuundy, heeeey?"

You aren't supposed to be here, nor there, but I must test this first. I'm sorry once more.

"Oh Fuuundy? I can see your eyes blinking from here."

Fundy blinked blearily up at the stone brick ceiling. Familiar yet not. His body ached even as he laid still on... something- it wasn't a bed. Or if it was, it was one of the most uncomfiest beds he's ever had the chance to sleep on. Was he just laying on the floor? He groaned, trying not to move too much. Not yet at least, he wanted to wait until most of the aches abated. Not to mention the massive headache he had right now...

Where was he? What- What happened? Wh-

"Are you really awake now? Can you hear me? Or did you lose your hearing like you did that arm there?"

His fur bristled and he practically jumps to his feet- at least, he tries to. He ends up stumbling over his own legs, the ache in his limbs too much and his head throbbed with pain. Even with these very distracting sensations and his own blurry vision, he did not mistake who was standing before him. Or rather, behind the bars that were before him.

Mask partially lifted up to reveal a satisfied yet grim smile, a carved face on white porcelain. Unstained green and black clothing, no sight of red whatsoever and a familiar axe was held by one hand, propped on a shoulder that should've been overtaken by parasitical plants from an apocalypse that should still be happening.

And yet, despite it all, despite the fact he *should be dead*.

Dream stood before him, a wall of iron bars that separated them both. Fundy was in a *cell*, he realized, one of the many within the Stronghold.

The masked fucker smiled at him, axe disappearing as he clapped in mock delight. "And he flops the landing! Two out of ten, Fundy. You'd think you lost a leg instead of an arm, but hey! Good to see you're awake. Need anything? Water? Food? A hand? Shit, sorry, I just couldn't help myself. I'm very flustered right now Fundy, seeing you here is just so- *interesting!*" He laughed, leaning forward and grabbing the bars, crouching so that presumably they were at eye level as Fundy forced himself on his knees. "I have... *so many questions* you see."

Fundy merely stared at him, wide-eyed and disbelieving while the man removed his mask. His face, not exactly unblemished yet *free* of the Crimson, stared at him with a look of *hunger*, like he wanted to devour Fundy and gnaw at his skull. His poisonous green eyes practically *burning* into Fundy, and the fox hybrid almost wishes that the red flower he so distinctly remembers was there to obscure an eye.

"And I think you can answer them for me Fundy."

I truly did not mean for him to end up there, but for now that was the only place I could reach. This is fine, I can improve.

I will get this right.

Chapter End Notes

remix fanart :0 IT'S BEEN A WHILE I KNOW BUT EVEN THEN I AM SO HAPPY THERE'S STILL FANART OF THE BOIS??? THANK YOU SO MUCH

[by jenni_li0n](#)

[by jenni_li0n](#)

[by jenni_li0n](#)

[by jenni_li0n](#)

[by rabble-dabble](#)

[by rabble-dabble](#)

it's been FAR too long since i've updated this story i know, i know. i regret a lot of things and not being able to update this story frequently ever since it started is one of those things. unfortunately the mind writes, what the mind writes and i couldn't write this chapter until very recently. writer's block overcame :D

next chapter will hopefully won't be as late as this one haha...

but anyway!! it's so good to be back to writing this story!!! i'm back to writing the angst between theo and toby :DDD the plots involving them all and we finally see happened with future fundy :D

kinda

he's been kidnapped and displaced

in the worst place he'd ever want

yeah, that- that wasn't really a good place to pop out huh? really fucked that up... oh well! so we continue :)

i want you all to know that when theo was staring and imagining at the wall, if it wasn't so obvious from the words i used in the paragraphs lmao; i was fully imagining the whole thing... but in like the beautiful, kinda stopmotion animation of like- a threaded, stitched way? idk, it seems pretty and kinda fitting from how theo likes to sew yknow?

ALSO A BIT OF MD! YES HE'S STILL A THING, BUT HE'S KINDA NOT PHYSICALLY THERE FOR A MOMENT

EDIT 6/4/22: IMPORTANT EDIT AND ANNOUNCEMENT!!

As of now, I'll be taking a writing hiatus since I'm feeling pretty burntout from writing. I had plans to write and update SO MANY THINGS, but when I tried to write my brain just bluescreened on me and I ended up doing literally anything else but writing. So,

yeah, it's unfortunate but I'll be taking most of the month off but hopefully I'll be able to update again by the end of the month.

Sorry for the inconvenience but thank you for reading this note and understanding. Have a nice pride everyone :)

To Finally Mourn

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Are you ready?"

"As ever I guess... Let's just get this over wit—"

"Theo, if you really don't want to be here. You're free to leave whenever. I know everyone means well in insisting you visit me and tell me your woes in hopes you get better but therapy isn't just that. It's not like that exactly. It takes time and effort, but it also takes *you* being willing to cooperate and speak with me. On your own terms and accord. If you really feel like leaving, you're welcome to leave. Preferably through the door again, with no damage."

"... I'm staying..."

"Alright. Just tell me if you want to leave throughout our session and you can go, no prompt from me. Just focus on how you feel."

"..."

"Speaking of which, how are you? I've- I've heard a few things. Heard that you got hurt, are you healing okay?"

"It's fine. I'm fine, I healed from it completely by now."

"That's good. Do you mind if I ask how you got hurt?"

"..."

"Okay. How about I ask about Foolish? It's been a while since I've seen him, how's the planning?"

"... Going okay. He's- He's got plans for his new home or whatever. Bigger. Looks nice... I thought you would've known, didn't he tell you in your like, last fucking session together or something?"

"Well he told me he got inspired by the end of our time and had ideas but nothing else. I haven't heard from him since our last session actually, is he good?"

"He's fine. Happy, obviously. Better than good."

"I'm glad! He's lived quite the life I've learned, and I'm happy that he's happy now being free and himself. And we have you to thank for."

"I— I was, doing him a favor. And securing resources for both L'Manberg and Dream's SMP."

"But you still helped him and kept him happy. You didn't have to do that, not the way you did Theo."

"... He didn't have a solid reason to stay in that temple now that the Egg's gone."

"So you didn't free him in the future?"

"No. What was the point of going outside when the outside he wanted to see was a dangerous wasteland that could kill him or take his mind and shit? It was his safest bet to stay in the temple."

"Ah, well, still. Today, Foolish is happy as can be and free as a bird thanks to you."

"..."

"You know, Foolish told me you made that cloak of his. It's really nice, said you 'upgraded' it from how it first looked. That's really nice, do you by chance know how to knit?"

"Theo, you don't have to come back every day for therapy okay? I don't certainly mind, but I won't be available all the time, I'll certainly try but you and I both know if you come every day you're just going to end up breaking another window."

"..."

"Is this about the sessions before? Making up for the times you..."

"Ran away."

"*Left*, Theo, you left. It's fine really. You don't have to, the fact you're coming on your own makes up for it entirely. And the lovely sheep embroidery you gifted yesterday made up for the broken windows. Which brings us back to my point; come when you want to, sure. But give yourself time to digest and process, stop forcing yourself to come every day. You need and want therapy, that's good. But forcing yourself will again, just be a detriment."

"I sat with Toby on the bench again."

"Oh? How did that go?"

"Awkward as fuck like usual. It's- I don't even know why he keeps coming back there. We're not kids anymore. It's just a stupid fucking bench, it didn't survive the end damned apocalypse. It's stupid."

"You sat down with him."

"... I did. It was still fucking stupid."

"...?"

"It's fine. Just- dust in my fucking eye. S'annoying."

"Would you like some—"

"No. I'm good."

"Alright, but if you need it for whatever reason, the tissues are always right here... How long did you two stay on the bench?"

"... Way longer than fucking normal."

"Did you listen to Cat this time? Or did you play Mellohi again?"

"... Toby got me a new disc, called Otherside. Never heard it before."

"Oh, that's nice! Was it good?"

"... Yeah..."

"I have to say, I think you're doing great Theo. Though all our sessions vary in time, I'm impressed with how you've kept doing this. You could have stopped after the first few sessions we had, but we have a consistent meet up now. I'm glad."

"It's- it's whatever. I'm committed now, I guess..."

"Do you mind if I ask a personal question? You don't have to answer it if you don't want to, but I have to ask. Why? I've always been curious since our first actual session together. Why finally come to me? And why stay?"

"... That's two questions."

"You can answer one, or both, or none. I just wanted to ask."

"... I—"

"..."

"..."

"..."

"... Being stabbed, by the ghost of your older brother. A scenario from nightmares come to life— It- it makes you think things I guess. And the whole, thing with Toby afterwards... I just- I thought that maybe, *maybe*, I should give this therapy shit a try. If only, to finally appease Dream and the others. Get them off my fucking back and all that."

"Ah. And how are you faring with it? With this?"

"... It's not, what I thought it'd be."

"It rarely ever is. Most people don't realize that therapy isn't a fix-all, end-all type of thing. It's a way of healing, a way of realization, processing the events that happened in your life and trying to get better despite it. It doesn't exactly fix anything, it helps certainly, it helps in many, many ways. Be it small, or large. But it's not something you should expect to completely depend on for your troubles. You can depend on it sure, however therapy still depends on the person themselves and how they can move on from their troubles."

"..."

"That's why I'm so glad you're here. That you've been coming to our sessions no matter how long they lasted."

"Over our next few sessions, I want to press and focus on some personal questions and topics with you Theo. These topics, you can veto whenever you want. We can skip and revisit them at another time, would that be okay?"

"... Okay."

"Can we start today? If you don't want to, we can skip of course."

"... Go for it."

"I'd like to ask you about future Dream-"

"Pass."

"-Okay then, moving on. Skip to another topic or skip entirely?"

"... Another topic."

"I'd like to focus more on your family-"

"No."

"Topic? Or entirely?"

"Entirely. I... I need time..."

"That's perfectly valid, we can do this next session. Or the one after, take all the time you need."

"—e in my- in that cell. With half a potion of healing and... yeah. I wasn't good enough for the full bottle. I needed to learn how to fight through the pain and, and to fight with my wounds partially healed. Dream gave me a gapple after though, when I got out and helped him with cleaning. Ah, and because he actually needed me at full strength the next day anyway because we were going to visit L'Manberg."

"..."

"It was to check on the others, see if anyone was going against um, against his orders and stuff. No one... really did.... I think that was the day I learned that, everyone thought I was dead. Toby saw my tower and thought I was dead. They even built me a grave. That was... that was nice of them. I guess. Fucking awkward though, later on."

"Okay, I think we can take a break here while I... assess, everything you just said."

"... It wasn't that bad."

"I didn't say anything."

"I can see your face."

"How about we talk about Ghostbu—"

"Pass. Next topic."

"Okay, uh, Toby?"

"... Next topic."

"Alright, Theo. I've recently come into the news of... some particularly *interesting* information."

"Fuck. Okay, what is it and who snitched?"

"No comment, but do you remember saying 'I'm not suicidal, I just like lava'?"

"Dream Team, got it. Pricks, bet it was Sapnap wasn't it?"

"Again, no comment but! Not! The point! Here! I've heard that you have a, *fascination* with lava. And that you like to sleep in lava as a... past time."

"It's really good, don't judge it till you try it Puffy. It's really fucking good. Especially now that we got Sam to install the fire pot dispenser at the Stronghold. Really saves up time and energy."

"Theo, last I heard, you spent *hours*, nearly a *whole day* submerged in lava. The only times you got out was because of Dream, George and Sapnap who had to physically corral you out of that room."

"... It's a great recreational and relaxing way to pass the time. Besides, I haven't even slept in lava in like, a while."

"..."

"... A few days."

"..."

"I'm not suicidal."

"I didn't ask that."

"But you fucking thought it. I know you did, it's fucking impossible not to think of!"

"It can't be helped when you said, quote, unquote, 'I'm not suici- Theo, *Theo!*'"

SLAM

"... Ah, I need a new door handle."

"... Welcome back Theo. If you don't wa-"

"Shut the fuck up."

"..."

"... I built a tower to fall from, when I was in exile. I almost gave up right then, but Dream saved me before I hit the ground."

"Ah."

"-ad this look on his face, begging me to help him. But I just smiled and left him there, he's-heahaha! He didn't move an inch, not until they woke up!"

"Hahaha! Really?! That's- fuck, that's hilarious! I, I never knew he did that way back then!"

"Does he still just, sit there, not moving until you or whoever's on him wakes up?"

"He does! He so fucking does, it's great!"

"Aww, it's nice to know Dream still does that."

"Theo, I'd like to talk about Toby if that's okay."

"... Fuck it, yeah, let's do this."

"Great! Do you hate him?"

"Starting off strong captain? Figures... I..."

"... Take your time, it's okay."

"Shut. I just... I've said I've hated him for a long time, I said it to his face, said it loud and clear for everyone to hear."

"Said' you hated him. Past tense, Theo."

"... Dream, *my*- fuck, my *old* Dream, said that Tubbo-*Toby*, did- did so much, to hurt me in the beginning. That he didn't care. That... that he, threw away his compass. Forgot me entirely and focused on L'Manberg. Leaving me behind, to rot. Sure, he gave me a funeral but, that was out of courtesy and, and- ...*fuck*, that he never even visited my grave. Once."

"Theo, what Dre- futu- *sigh*, *OLD* Dream said—"

"I know! I get it! Fuck off!"

"..."

"I... Shit. Sorry. I just... It's hard to remember... and hard to forget..."

"Can we talk, about Philza? Your Philza?"

"Shit father. Good man, but shit father. Tried his 'best' but wasn't there for me in the end.
Next."

"Theo..."

"... *Sigh*, fine. I'm not- I'm not totally wrong but... He *left* me. He left Wilbur! He just... He was gone, with Techno. He *killed* Wilbur and just... He asked where Techno was, instead of how I was and... gave me bitter ass tea. It's- it's complicated."

"I know."

"Can we go deeper on Old Dream this time?"

"... No. Please, not- no."

"... Alright, but at some point-"

"One day. Not today. But one day... maybe."

"Maybe."

"How about, Ghostbur?"

"... Can we save that for another day? We can, we can do it before Dr-Old Dream, but... Not today."

"Okay."

"Let's talk, about Technoblade today."

He freezes on her couch, again. Hands frozen over the offered plate of cookies, fresh warm cookies that she got just minutes before she arrived. The hand retracts, shoved into a pocket of the hoodie and Puffy bites back from sighing out loud.

Perhaps another topic they'd 'reschedule' for another time.

Or could Puffy insist they talk today? She's been doing that a bit more lately, with varying results.

"Can we talk about him?" She asks and gives him a steady look. It's not soft, that would offend Theo but it wasn't harsh either. Just steady. Unfortunately Theo was wearing his mask today so she couldn't see any facial expression for this session. That was fine though, depending on his answer, having his mask on would help comfort him anyway.

Theo is frozen stiff, not moving an entire inch and Puffy waits for his answer. It doesn't take too long, his answer is short, terse, uneasy but- "Okay." he agrees.

It's a small victory, and just more progress to Theo's mental health.

This topic was something she wanted to talk about with him for a while now, aside from Dream and Ghostbur, Technoblade. Old, Future Technoblade, was an understandably touchy subject. "Alright, you know the drill Theo." They could stop anytime, Theo could choose to skip the topic or even leave if he wanted. She gives him the choices and he can make them on his own. Though, nowadays, with the exception of Dream and Ghostbur, Theo doesn't choose any of them. Staying on it with the few exceptions and bad days of setback.

Therapy wasn't a linear line after all, there were good days and bad days but thankfully as far as Puffy could see or know, those bad days were few and inbetween.

She has to say, becoming the therapist to not one, but *two* time travelers (possibly three if she can convince Ghostbur somehow, did she even want to try?) wasn't something she'd ever thought she'd be after retiring from piracy. She's worried, about a lot of things, about them, about herself, about everything else but she'd like to think she had a good handle over it all and that she was helping them to the best of her abilities.

Theo, in particular, she feels like she's helped him a lot. It's slow, but steady at least. Just like with Toby, though Toby was at least a bit more open- even though some topics he deflected from and shied away.

Puffy knows there are just some things that they will never tell her, that they'd rather take to the grave, or were just keeping secret for as long as possible. And that was fine, they didn't need to tell her every single detail all at once, therapy wasn't like that. She could only patiently wait for them to either tell her, or maybe figure it out herself. If she could anyway, these future events still leave her reeling sometimes.

(Learning about the apocalypse and the end of the world will do that to you. But thank ender they managed to deal with that apparently.)

"Yeah, just get on with it."

"What can you tell me about Technoblade?"

Theo shifts on the couch, one of his legs bouncing erratically. "He's a prick." He says bluntly, shifting forward to put his arms on his knees, stops his leg from bouncing. He tries to do that whenever he notices it, anything to stop the anxious movement. "A blood-hungry asshole who called himself unkillable only to find out that yeah, Technoblade *can* in fact, *die*. Never understood why the fuck he thought that way, sure, he's got that whole fucking '*Nether Champion*' bullshit going on and chat in his head. But he could *die*- he could- he—" Theo took in a deep breath.

"... He was a nerd." He finally continued after a moment. "Fucking loved books, history, *mythologies*. Obsessed with 'em, fucking lunatic. Quoted 'The Art of War' way too many times, and I'm pretty sure he fucking skewed them or made them up half the time... Also liked calling people names. Names from his myths, stories, mostly the Greek ones." He whispered, sounding distant. Getting lost in thought or memory probably.

Puffy hums, writing down the tidbits of info in her notes. "Why? Why call them names, and why Greek ones?"

The masked man shrugged, leaning back into the couch, idly scratching the worn cushion he was sitting on. "Better ask him that. Technoblade would know, I never fucking knew why."

"Did he call you a name? What story did he get it from?" Theo freezes again, fingers digging into the cushion the point so hard, there's an audible sound of something tearing before white fluff poured out of the small hole he had inadvertently made.

"*Shit!* Shit, fuck- s-sorry Puffy, I-" "Ah, no no! It's okay, it's all good! It's an old couch-" "- can fix it, just let me fix it-"

It's a messy couple of minutes, temporarily distracted by the torn hole. Theo was adamant in fixing it though, shoving the fluff back into the cushion and stitching the hole shut, going as far as to patch it with some spare stray fabric he had on hand. The fabric didn't exactly match the cushion but it secured and fixed it.

She sighed, smiling thankfully at him. "Thank you Theo."

The man grunts, stowing away his thread and needle, "'S my fault anyway, no problem."

"You didn't answer my question though." He doesn't freeze this time, but he does go tense. Stiffly, he sat on another part of her couch, resolutely looking at the wall.

"... Yeah. Yeah he called me a stupid myth name. Some Greek hero- can we skip this part?"

"Skip Technoblade or the name?"

"Name, just- ask another question Captain."

Puffy's fingers lightly tapped her clipboard. "Alright. How did he die?"

"You talked with Toby before. You fucking know how he died." He scoffs, at her, at the question. But he didn't answer her.

"I know, but I want to hear from you, Theo."

Theo's scratching at the arm of her couch, it's harsh but hopefully she doesn't have to worry about another new hole in her poor, poor couch. "He died... a hero." He finally answers, voice quiet, almost soft but entirely devoid of emotion. "He fucking died a hero, pretty ironic since *he* was the one who told *me* to die a hero when *he* released honest to ender *Withers* in L'Manberg. You know another thing he said Captain Puffy? He said, '*heroes don't get happy endings*'. Something like that and, *hah*, he's smug somewhere cause he's right. Bastard was fucking right. Eat your own words, pig."

Harsh words, monotoned voice and yet, Theo was shaking slightly.

His hands were trembling on the arm chair, fingers twitching and shoulders taut tight.

Puffy hesitated, thinking of her next question. Did Theo consider Technoblade a hero for saving his life? She gives it a once over before deciding to ask another question instead. Instead of focusing on something bad, they would focus on something a bit more light-hearted.

"Do you have any fond memories of Technoblade? Or, actually, do you remember any funny quirks or habits he had?"

Even without their time together, or even if the mask was on, she knew that Theo was giving her a skeptical look. She gave him a patient smile in return, waiting for him to either answer her or move on.

"I..." He trailed off, thoughtful, doubtful. Hesitant.

In the end, Puffy would like to think that the multiple sessions they had beforehand was worth it as Theo admitted a few positive things he remembered of Technoblade. His Technoblade.

"He... He had this habit with his chat, I remember. It didn't happen as often in the apocalypse, but sometimes, he'd pull out a bell and start ringing it. Dunno why- he even pulled Toby into doing it a couple of times. But they were rare. At least, when I saw them in the Overworld anyway. Maybe they did it more in the Nether where it was safer, but sometimes, when we camped and it was really safe or something. I'd be with Dream and we'd hear this ringing for no reason coming from their side of the camp. It's... It was annoying."

Theo started slow like usual, but as he continued. The words came out easier, smoother, and if possible. Just a little bit fond.

"If he thought no one was watching. He'd make weird little noises, to himself, to chat most likely. But he made them, and sometimes if he wasn't paying attention, he'd make them loud and clear- or if he was confused enough. He'd fucking go, 'heh?' and- and it's not something you expect from the great and mighty Blade. Warrior of the Nether."

"He presented himself as this posh, powerful fucking, noble kind of guy but he's a fucking nerd. I told you that right? He's a nerd, obsessed with nerdy shit like literature. Also his social skills were shit, sure he could fake 'em usually but in truth? He's an awkward, nerdy hypocrite that liked to call other people nerds even though he's a nerd himself. If he calls you a nerd or a loser, he's an enderdamned hypocrite and you can call it to his face."

Puffy kept silent, only chuckling and humming as Theo spoke. She didn't dare interrupt, not even to take notes or write something down- she'd do that later.

"At the very least, he likes animals and respects them, something I agree with absolutely. He likes animals but he loved dogs and horses especially. Which is good, it... that helped me before I guess... With- with Ssnap, before the fucking—before everything."

Puffy frowned as Theo's relaxed state grew tense once more, his fond, nostalgia disappearing as he seemed to remember something a bit more severe. Checking the time, she bit her lip but decided to ask one last question.

"Have you ever gotten the chance to mourn him?"

Had he ever gotten the chance to mourn him?

It's not a question he thought would haunt him from his latest therapy meeting with Captain Puffy. It's one of many, but that question specifically stuck out to him for some, odd reason.

Of course he did. Dream had let him mourn, because he mourned as well- for as much as a rival and enemy he saw his br- *the piglin*, the man had been his equal. The one person who beat him in the past, he *respected* Technoblade's strength. Of course Dream mourned him, because he was a great warrior who had died to a fucking monstrous parasite. Another loss in the apocalypse but *worse* because Techno was strong.

Techno was useful.

Techno was Dream's rival.

~~Techno was Tommy's brother.~~

So yeah, he mourned.

Then he moved on.

~~Had he?~~

...

He mourned and moved on.

Had he?

Theo glared at particularly nothing, feeling frustrated at himself. His emotions- just *everything*. It's kind of a common thing to feel after therapy apparently, or so Puffy told him. Him realizing just how shit his life was and coming to terms with it or something.

Therapy was... okay it wasn't what he was expecting. It wasn't as bad as he'd thought it do be.

He was... he thinks he's getting better, at least that's what he and probably everyone else was hoping but Theo really had no solid idea yet. And if anyone did, they hadn't told him.

Not that he went out of his way to ask anybody.

Lately he's just been- been on his own.

Dream had orde-*said* that he could go do his own things, that he didn't really need Theo's help ~~useless~~ and that he was free to do whatever he wanted. Which was good! Dream was good, he was so good to him. His eyes were leaves and he was happy with Sapnap and George and his SMP.

~~Was he happy with Theo?~~

So that was good.

The downside of it all though, was the amount of free time it left Theo. He usually tried to stay in the Stronghold or one of Dream's bases, but half of the time the Dream Team would kick him out. Insist that he get some fresh air and not stay inside.

Though, usually after therapy he didn't feel like going back to the Stronghold. Felt a bit awkward, especially during the sessions that mentioned... yeah.

He went on a walk instead. Most of the times, through the woods since he didn't really want to interact with people. Especially not after therapy.

Which was where he was now, in the woods that surrounded L'Manberg. That bordered between it and Dream's SMP. All alone with his ruminating thoughts.

Which all centered around, Technoblade.

His old Technoblade, that was dead.

Because of *him*.

"*He got what he-*" He cut himself off, feeling shame crawl up his throat at the words he had almost said. No, Technoblade didn't deserve to die by the Crimson. *No one* did. Not his Dream and not even Technoblade.

But the fact that Technoblade died because of *him*, died *saving him*- it fills him with this strange sort of anger. Something he didn't really expect because he thought he was over it. Was sure he was over it because that Technoblade was dead. End of story. And the current Technoblade was- okay?

Tears rolling down his face, his throat aching as he screamed into the piglin's shoulder. Clutching at both Sapnap and Foolish tightly while Tubbo was squished between all four of them.

"*Ffffuck!*" Theo hissed in embarrassment, remembering the breakdown from *months* ago. Ender, that was *so bad*. *He hated it. ALL of it.*

"I'm sorry."

... *MOST* of it. At least. Definitely the part where he broke down and cried like a fucking bitch in front of four people.

But yeah, he found present Technoblade to not be as bad as dead Technoblade.

So why?

Why the fuck was he still angry at him?

Why was he still so sad?

Because you never actually got to mourn him, the answer popped into his head and Theo snarled. "*Shut up!*" He had! He fucking ha-

"I didn't even say anything yet!"

Theo swore, axe manifesting in his hand and pointed towards-

Ah shit. *Of course.*

Toby held his hands up with a cheeky grin as he leaned against a tree, "Ayup."

"Fuck off." Theo shot back, storing away his axe and turning to walk away. He was not in the mood or mindset to deal with Toby.

Yes, their relationship was doing better than during the apocalypse thanks to-

Two grown ass men screaming at each other, crying before exhaustively collapsing side by side. One man in green holding on to the other's hand while they stared at the sky.

-*emotional catharsis* and therapy. But Theo wasn't for it today. Or maybe even tomorrow.

Who the fuck knows, but *not today*.

Toby was quick to run after him, actually running to stand in front of him. Frantically waving his hands and giving a sheepish look. "Wait, wait wait *wait!* Theo please! Just wait! This is-

this is important, please! Hear me out!"

Maybe it was the progress of therapy, or maybe it's the slight desperation and pleading on the scarred man's face, but Theo stops and stands in place instead of cursing him out and stomping away. Shoving both hands into his pockets, he growls, "*Fine*. What the fuck do you want now bitch?"

"You and Puffy talked about Techno, *our* Techno today, right?" Theo flinched back, hands curling into fists in his pockets as deep betrayal and hurt bloomed in his chest.

Did Puffy *tell* Toby about their session today? *What the fuck?! Didn't she say she'd keep to herself of whatever they talk about?! Fuck* he knew *he shouldn't have fucking truste-*

"*Theo!*" Toby shouted, firm and sharp. He realizes he'd said some of it out loud, "I- Don't blame Puffy, it's *my* fault I know okay? I just- in the past I begged her to promise me to tell me if you talked about Technoblade. And I know, it's invasion of privacy, I shouldn't be doing it BUT! I- I just-" The fucker at least had the decency to look ashamed, yet still had the balls to look fucking determined. "I'm sorry. I just *had to know*, when you guys talked about Techno. It took a *lot* of convincing to have Puffy tell me, trust me Theo, don't- don't blame her. I didn't ask for details, I just wanted to know if you guys talked about him. Nothing else. I'm sorry."

Jaw set and clenching, Theo glared at him through his mask. The betrayal and hurt was receding, some of it still lingered because Puffy *still* told Toby but... at least she didn't do it outright. "Why the fuck did you want to know so badly?"

"Because I wanted to show you something. It's uh, it's really important. To me at least, I don't know about you but- I just wanted to show you just in case and um... y'know maybe this was all a bad idea, fuck Toby, really digging your own grave huh?" Toby groaned, pressing his face against his hands in clear regret.

Another time to be grateful for his mask, and even then, Theo would rather die than admit to the small smile he had on his face at the sight of it. He firmly frowned when he caught himself smiling and grunted in annoyance. "What is it?"

"Fuck, okay, uh- it's really important. Please come with me?"

He really shouldn't. He's not in the mood, he wants to be alone.

"Ugh. Fuck it, let's go. Lead the way, asshole."

Ender dammit.

Toby beams and gestures him to follow, and like the fool Theo was. He does.

They don't talk at all during the walk, and as much as Theo is thankful for that. He's also kind of uncomfortable with it for some reason, but not enough to break the silence that falls between them.

Toby leads him away from L'Manberg, and somewhat near the SMP. It doesn't take that long to reach their destination though. A small clearing with a family of wild pigs living near by.

Theo opens his mouth to say something but chokes on his words when he sees the reason why Toby sought him out in the first place. Sitting there, underneath an oak tree.

It's a statue of a sword embedded in stone. There's a small gold-painted carving of a crown laid at the bottom and circling the sword. A white furred, red cape laid on the handle and hanging from said handle from one side. Was a gold chained emerald earring.

He's seen it before, in a bigger, more extravagant way, way back during the apocalypse in the Nether.

Technoblade's Memorial.

This was a tiny, pale imitation to the real thing. The carvings, both the sword and crown, are uneven. The paint is scratched and old. The cape had his inner tailor *shrieking* at how dirty and unprofessionally made it was, nothing like any of Technoblade's actual capes. The only thing of actual worth, would be the emerald earring that hung from the handle. But even that was an imitation to the real thing, there wasn't any detail on it like the actual emerald earrings of his f- of Phil's designs.

It was small and ugly and yet the very sight of it had his heart racing to his throat and his insides squirming in unease. His vision is blurring and when he blinks, he refuses to acknowledge the wetness that slides down his cheeks.

Toby in the meanwhile, laughs uncomfortably by his side, stepping over to the little memorial to brush away leaves that has fallen on it. "Yeahh, it's- it's nothing like Phil and the faction's memorial back then but uh. It makes do. I couldn't really bring myself to make it better, not now at least?" He's kneeling by the base now, plucking the weeds that were growing around it and gently patting the flowers that were blooming there. "I made this a few months ago. During Techno's hibernation. I don't know why, I just- I felt like I had to. Or well- sometimes, back in the Nether I would come to the memorial on my own and just, talk to him. Or just sit there, pay my respects, all that sappy stuff and while it's great to have Technoblade alive with us now! It's... it's *different*. You get what I mean, right?"

The man looks back at him, smiling, but there's a pleading look in his eyes. Begging him that he understand what he means, that he wasn't alone in thinking that way.

Unfortunately for the both of them... He was right.

Theo licked his dry lips, rasping quietly, "Right."

Toby looked surprised, then relieved, then he smiled again. A genuine, happy smile. "Right! So I guess, that's why I made this. And uh, I wanted you to know about it. Because... yeah." He finished awkwardly, moving back to sit down before the ugly memorial.

Theo shifts in place before sighing and moving to sit down in front of it as well.

It's quiet for a while, but not for long.

Toby doesn't look at Theo when he hears the sniffing. He doesn't look at all, when he hears the quiet wet breaths and the hiss of curses and mumbled angry words.

All he does, is sit and stare at the memorial. Feeling his own tears well up in his eyes as he keeps his eyes trained on this tiny, imperfect memorial. Phil could've made it so much better, he was a crafter, a builder after all. But he didn't want the man to make a memorial for a dead son he didn't have.

They stay there for a long, long while and leave their separate ways.

And if Toby finds a new, better cape on the statue as well as a freshly painted crown with details he didn't add the next time he visits? He says nothing and smiles instead.

Chapter End Notes

originally, i was gonna start the end of my hiatus with this chapter earlier on you know.

like, i was gonna update sometime during the first week of july. have a great start with remix! my sequel, my very first sequel to the very first story i made for dsmp. the fandom i joined thanks to sadist's animatics and... technoblade's streams.

he was one of the first streamers i watched in this fandom. a cc that i quickly grew attached to, and now he's gone.

rest in peace technoblade.

apologies to my readers for the fact that i kinda timeskipped a lot of things for this chapter. in my first drafts, yes i wanted this to be a puffy-oriented chapter focusing on therapy with theo and toby etc. but after a while of technoblade's passing, i just started thinking... maybe i should focus on theo's emotions on technoblade instead. as also like, to cope a bit on that myself and for you guys as well. i don't know if i did a good job, i hope at least.

the timeskip is over a few months, from the end of winter to the start of summer i think? we've skipped the season of spring for this. i hope you understand since theo needed to have progress with therapy itself to actually talk about technoblade, he wouldn't flat out talk about him to puffy at the very first session so i sped ran a lot of sessions and time to get to this moment. just for the sake of him and toby at the end having their little moment in front of their technoblade's memorial.

a second, tinier and uglier version of it. you all know where i got this design, it's a reference to the memorial that cc!Philza made for techno. and in the toby and theos' timeline, future!phil made an almost exact version of it w the help of the factions ofc.

i dont know when i'm going to update this next but i just knew i had to update this story first before anything else. if just to use it as my own way of coping and, getting some progress of remix done. hopefully, the next update is soon and that i'll be back in the groove of writing for it.

i will be deleting the 'You Know What This Is' note soon after i update to keep my chapters consistent. i hope everyone has had time to grieve and is having a better time now after. i'm glad to be writing and updating again, and i'll see you soon!

Not An Update, Important Note

Hello Readers, it's been a while hasn't it?

Okay, cutting to the chase. This is a temporary chapter about something very important;

As you all know, I have no updated this fic in a while and there are reasons for that. Loss of motivation, writer's block, depression- etc.

Point is, I was given the suggest from a close friend of mine that maybe I could just let go and instead give you guys one last update of an outline of what I wanted to do with this story. And it sounds like a great idea, however I still feel guilty and I also don't really want to give it up like that. But at the same time, it's not fair to you readers who have been waiting for the next update of the fic for so long or just want to see this continue but can't because I can't write it.

So I decided to give you guys the choice. If you guys have a tumblr account, please go [HERE](#) and vote on the poll I made.

Those that don't, just comment and I'll keep track of it, add it into the final results.

The poll will be up for a week.

Whatever the final results are, just know that I am extremely grateful for you guys. Thank you for reading my fics, thank you for every kudos, comment, bookmark- everything. I hope to see you again, wherever really, and that you continue reading despite it all. Be it my fic, or someone else's.

I'll see you all in a week.

EDIT: It's been a week, and the results are out! I will be doing an outline for this fic in the coming year. I've decided to do Remix first, Wishes next, and Theseus last. Around late January or early February is when I'll plan to release Remix's outline but I won't promise the exact timing. Thank you all for your comments and your time, I'll see you guys around :)

The Outline (Final Chapter)

Chapter Summary

Shortly after this update, I will update the summary of Remix accordingly. Thank you all for reading Remix and Rewind.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Alright! Remix Outline!

Be warned, this will be long and wordy and just filled with my explanations and thoughts here. And maybe the occasional written paragraph depicting what I could have written. It's really been a while since I've even written for DSMP as a whole, much less for Remix/Rewind and been a LONG TIME since I wrote Theo, Toby and the Rewind Crews.

Here we go.

Prelude Arc; Before The Warp

So last we left off, Theo was having therapy with Puffy and it was technically a tribute chapter for Technoblade. (Rest In Peace, Blood for the Blood God, Technoblade Never Dies)

[I honestly think that Technoblade's death really tanked my motivation to write for DSMP. He was the reason why I got into it in the first place, the first actual streamer that I started watching, period, and knowing he was gone permanently...]

Next chapter was going to explore Dream and Theo's current relationship in the present. Dream was still seeing future Dream's memories as was shown in the ending parts of Rewind, though not as often. He has seen first hand on how Future Dream treated Theo and others, and he was definitely feeling guilty over it despite the fact he's planning to *not* end up as Future Dream.

He's been avoiding Theo lately, slowly at first when he first started therapy but it escalated to the point where Theo confronted him.

"You've been avoiding me."

Dream winced, he knows his face is twisting to show how uncomfortable and guilty he looks. His poker face without his mask wasn't very good nowadays, and he dearly wished he was wearing his mask right now but even then, he'd get the feeling that Theo would notice

anyway. Speaking of notice, *of course* he noticed that Dream was- well, not exactly *avoiding* him but just, trying to keep his distance a bit.

He doesn't know whether to be glad or not that Theo was clearly just as uncomfortable as he was, "Did I do something wrong? I'm- Did someone say something? To you or about me or —"

"What? No, *no!* You didn't do anything wrong Theo, I just-" Dream assured, sighing and awkwardly rubbing his neck. "I'm trying to give you space. That's all."

Theo's brows furrowed, "Space?"

"Yeah, space. Uh, so that you can process whatever uh, happens with Puffy's therapy? I didn't want to, give you any sort of reactions or- flashbacks." Fuck, this was so very awkward and probably not helping his case. "I don't want to remind you of-" *Me*, "-the past."

He blinked at Dream, and surprisingly, the man's lips quirked up, "Dream, every waking day reminds me of the past. I-I am *in the past*, the past is my present."

Dream chortled, not expecting the joking tone. Progress, that had to be progress from the therapy right? Theo was getting better and things would be okay. Yeah. Yeah... "Okay, fair but- but still. I wanted to make sure I wouldn't like, bother you or something?" He winced, that sounded more like a question.

Immediately the small smile is gone, ah. "You would *never* bother me." Theo insists and if it were before, back when they first met, maybe Dream would believe him.

I do though. You just refuse to acknowledge it. Dream almost says but swallows it down, not ready to delve so deeply into that. Not when he's not too sure on where Theo's at with his therapy, all he knows from Puffy is that it was slow-going but Theo was gradually opening up to her. Telling her things and slowly letting himself go, which meant he was getting better.

Slowly as it was.

"Dream. You're not- you're not *my* Dream."

The admission has Dream blinking, his eyes were wide open as Theo looked away. "You're not my- *the* Dream that, that—" He struggled for a moment before sighing. "You're not him, and you're never going to be him." Dream thinks he hears relief, over the sound of his own heartbeat. "The memories were bothering you, weren't they?"

That was the start of the chapter, I never got the motivation to continue it. But yeah, it was here where there would be some small flashbacks to multiple memories of Theo and Future Dream, both good and bad memories that made Dream super conflicted and also more determined to avoid becoming anything like Future Dream.

The memories stem from Theo's connection with Dream via the Loyalty Enchantment. Back when Theo had been so far away, the connection had thinned to the point that it let through old memories to compensate for the distance. (neither Theo or Future Dream had even known

such a thing was possible as they were always at least close enough that nothing happened while they were apart.)

The chapter was going to get more into how Theo was slowly healing and was in fact, well enough to recognize that if Dream was careful, his attempts to avoid Theo and avoid becoming Future Dream would probably hurt him in the long run. He tries to assure Dream that he didn't have to go so far, and points out that just because Theo had been hurt, that both Toby and Ghostbur were also hurt and hated him, doesn't mean he had to bend over backwards or just let anyone hurt him in turn in the name of 'making sure he doesn't end up as Future Dream'.

Technically nothing has happened but I was going to show Ghostbur still being aggressive against Dream and Dream feeling guilty and all that. Toby HAS been ignoring Dream and hasn't done anything, but he still should've interfered with Ghostbur's aggressiveness more often than not. Or at least, that's what Theo says.

Dream in turn tells Theo that he's been doing great with therapy but knows he's still very hesitant to let go of the enchantment on him. The removal process of the enchantment was still being researched to make sure nothing would go wrong, but Bad was insistent that as long as Theo held on to the enchantment, things would end horribly.

The chapter was going to end with Dream and Theo parting ways, in more than one context.

"I want to be friends Theo, actual friends. But as long as that enchantment is still on you, as long as I have power over you like this..." Dream trails off and it hurts to hear it, normal hurts. The blue is silent for once, firm on his neck.

Firm of its hold on him, and yet, was he not firmly holding it in turn?

(insert rambling self-study of how theo hadn't realized just how much he'd come to rely on the enchantment or the fact he hadn't *wanted* to realize it. He genuinely thought that if he returned to dream, things would return to 'normal' i.e. he gets to be around dream, follow as he was molded to and just exist with his **loyalty** in tact. He hadn't accounted or even thought of the possibility of Dream wanting the enchantment off him. Of so many people caring for him again.)

"Would... Would you want to be friends, if I..." He can't finish the sentence, not without triggering the enchantment. He doesn't have to though as Dream gives him a weak, wane smile.

"Yeah, I'd love to."

And just like that, the prelude arc of Remix would have ended. Just five chapters before the real shit begins. I'll warn you though, I had to replan everything since I kinda lost most of my notes for the original Remix plot- I have a new computer and I forgot to back-up the original notes for Remix I had in my old computer.

THIS IS A CALL OUT TO EVERY WRITER WHO PUTS DOWN IDEAS AND NOTES IN THE STICKY NOTES APP OF WINDOWS- ***DO NOT FORGET TO TRANSFER THOSE IDEAS SOMEWHERE ELSE. WRITE THEM DOWN PHYSICALLY MAYBE OR UPLOAD IT TO CLOUD, USE GOOGLE DOCS. ANYTHING!! DO NOT BE LIKE ME, I HAD SO MANY IDEAS WRITTEN IN THOSE STICKY NOTES THAT I FORGOT UNTIL TOO LATE. (some of them weren't all for remix. i lost notes to all my stories of the pasts.)***

What little notes I had left were sparsely written in a couple of notebooks that I doodled and just scribbled into over the few years, so the following “-” points here are note and chapter ideas that I’ve expanded on. Most of it was for- let’s say, ‘Act I’ of Remix. Act II... we’ll get there.

Act I ; “Dragged Into Action”

- The Portal that Fundy, Phil and Dream have been working on to connect them to Theo, Toby and Ghostbur’s future suddenly begins to work after months of not working. It has caused much frustration for those working on the portal, but when it works, they celebrate.

Everyone begins to gather at the portal to see it working, they’re about to do their first test on it to make sure it *did* connect to the Future Timeline and was also safe to cross through, maybe make sure they wouldn’t be bringing the Crimson through the portal. (Theo and Toby are armed and ready just in case.)

Of course, the first test doesn’t go as planned. Remember how Future Fundy got dragged into the portal? Same thing happens here, only it’s not Fundy that gets dragged through.

Tubbo, Tommy, Toby, Theo, Ghostbur, and Technoblade get dragged into the portal. Well, Tubbo and Tommy were dragged into the portal, they were grabbed by disembodied neon green hands. Theo, Toby, Ghostbur and Technoblade noticed and pretty much jumped in after them for multiple reasons.

Everyone’s concerned, but before anyone *else* could jump in after them- the portal flashes and-

You were not the one I was aiming for, but it is too late now...

Tommy gasped for breath, blinking furiously and squinting at the sun above his head. His whole body ached horribly and- wait, sun? Wasn’t he in Dream’s dumb underground Stronghold? “Ugh, what the fuck happened?” He groaned, forcing himself on his elbows.

“Something dragged you into the portal.” Was his answer from a very familiar voice, Theo. He groaned again, glaring at the direction of the voice and found Theo sitting on the ground with his head in his hands.

He ignored the twinge of concern and scowled, “What the fuck dragged me into it? Where are we?” He asked, looking around. They were somewhere that was recently destroyed, there were holes in the ground, from where he was he could see a beach? And- a dirt tower?

Theo answered him again, his voice, low and raspy.

“Logstedshire. We’re in Logstedshire.”

Logstedwhat? That sounded familiar... “Wasn’t this where-”

“Where we were exiled? Yes.” The masked man finally got up, his every move stiff.

Tommy tensed, swallowing a nervous gulp, “I was never exiled, asshole.” His reply is weak as he gets to his feet, looking around the destroyed landscape. “... Are we really in...?”

“Tommy?”

Dread crashed into his stomach, so hard that he immediately felt queasy as he heard another familiar voice. Only... different, somehow. Both he and Theo looked over and-

There, closing the distance between them, was a familiar man in green. A porcelain mask on his face, and an axe in hand. He could barely hear the sharp gasp Theo made over the sound of his own heartbeat in his ears.

It was Dream.

“Well, well, well. Isn’t this *interesting*. ”

Tommy could only watch with horror as Theo fell to his knees, a helpless, strangled noise escaping the man’s throat. A new bond establishes itself, scorchingly different yet familiar from the now thinner and distant bond he’s had for the past few months.

It wasn’t the Dream they both knew a few minutes ago. Only Theo was familiar with this Dream.

“I-I don’t understand—” Tommy panted heavily behind Technoblade, adrenaline coursing through his body, he felt like he was drowning on dry land as he stared at the two who stood before them, only one of them was shivering from the snow. “What the *fuck* is happening?!”

“I-I-I ca-can explain!” The Tubbo-look-alike stammered, hugging himself for warmth. He had none of Tubbo’s scars, “Can w-we *please* get i-i-ins-side? It’s *freezing* o-out here!”

‘Get the boy inside Technoblade.’ Ghostbur- Wilbur? He looked like Wilbur, like- like *Pogtopia* Wilbur, but he was still a ghost instead of-

The piglin hybrid narrowed his gaze at them both, a scowl on his face. “... *Fine*. ” He grunted, finally putting away his sword and gesturing back to his cabin with a rough motion. “Get in.”

“You’re from the future.”

Toby faltered, not expecting those words coming from his clearly younger self. President Tubbo stood before him, stiff-lipped and standing tall. “I- Yes, but how?”

“‘Cause *I* told them.” A voice, so familiar answers and Toby whirls in place, eyes wide and disbelieving at the man that steps into the building. It’s- Ranboo. *Future* Ranboo, *his* Ranboo. “Hey Tubbo, long time no see.” The enderman hybrid smiles, just as teary-eyed as Toby was.

Toby chokes on his words, saying nothing as he reaches out towards him. “You’re alive!” He gasps as they hug, it felt *real* as the unfairly taller man hunched down to hug him properly. “Oh end, you’re alive! Ranboo- I- I-”

“Not so sorry to interrupt this heartwarming moment. But can I *please* get out of these cuffs? Maybe put away the axe there Quackity?” Technoblade interrupted with a deadpan, eyeing the glaring duck hybrid’s axe that was aimed his way.

Yep! That’s right! They are now in the THIRD TIMELINE! Aka the one that was sneak-peaked in the Rewind ending chapters.

I actually had to dig into my old asks and posts of Rewind to remember what I decided to call Future!Ranboo. He’s going to be called Mono, as was planned.

Since there’s going to be THREE PAIRS of certain characters, let’s make some names clear.

Toby - Future Eggpocalypse Tubbo
Tobias - Present Rewind Tubbo
Tubbo - President Tubbo of L’Manberg
Mono - Future Eggpocalypse Ranboo
Ranboo - Present Canon-ish Ranboo
Theo - Future Eggpocalypse Tommy
Tom - Present Rewind Tommy
Tommy - Exiled Canon-ish Tommy
Wilbur - Future Eggpocalypse Ghostbur
Ghostbur - Present Canon-ish Ghostbur
Techno - Present Rewind Technoblade
Technoblade - Present Canon-ish Technoblade
Vincent - Future Eggpocalypse Fundy
Fundy - Present Canon-ish Fundy

DO NOT @ ME ABOUT FUTURE FUNDY’S NAME. I asked a friend of mine (love you Amphi) for a name for Future Fundy, and they suggested one of Fundy’s middle names- HOW WAS I SUPPOSE TO KNOW HIS FULL NAME IS “Fun Jonathan Micheal Vincent Georgina James Sus Dy *The Third* ”?!

I threw all of that into a wheel and spun, it landed on Vincent. So Future Fundy is now Vincent. Deal with it.

(yes there could’ve been a chance for his name to be Sus, live with that knowledge because I sure have to)

((also yes at this point i realized just how fucking ambitious i was??? in trying to make a fic that involved THREE FUCKING TIMELINES WORTH OF PEOPLE- i think i really

overestimated myself there and underestimated the actual work that i would've slogged through. kind of almost glad i'm not doing this because holy shit, that's a lotta people. AND THAT'S ONLY FOR THIS ONE ARC SO FAR WITH THESE PEOPLE I FOCUSED ON.))

- I was going to go through a few flashbacks to establish and show you guys how close Mono and Toby were before Mono disappeared. They were partners in crime in the apocalypse after Toby became a champion of the Nether. Unlike DSMP canon though, Mono and Toby weren't married nor did they find Micheal, sorry to disappoint some longtime Rewind fans but that one shot I made in my Story Shelves of them marrying (in Theo's dream/nightmare) will remain non-canon.

Despite the touching reunion between Mono and Toby, tensions are still a bit high between them all. From the fact that Quackity still thinks they need to execute Technoblade (he has a scar, they've tried and failed already to execute Technoblade), to the fact Mono was still alive that left Toby reeling, they're forced to get to business as Toby reveals that he and Techno shouldn't be the only ones there. They were in Dream's base, having successfully recreated the time portal when they were dragged through from a mysterious force.

It's a bit chaotic as Tubbo, Quackity and Fundy demand to know where Dream's base was- apparently they've been trying to find the base while *also* trying to deal with the Egg Cult. Mono had, of course, warned them about the Eggpocalypse and they were trying to deal with that as soon as possible. But unlike the Egg that Toby, Theo and the others had to deal with, this Egg, though younger, wasn't as young or vulnerable. And you all remember how dangerous that Egg was, this one was older and already had people in its thrall.

Bad included.

And yes, Mono *has* told them about Tommy being with Dream after Dream faked his death. It was decided that they had to deal with the Egg first before they had to deal with Dream, that shocks Toby and Techno for a moment, there's a small argument about breaking Tommy free from Dream's grasp and the revelation about the Loyalty Tattoo comes out. Stunning everyone there.

Only Techno noticed the very brief but very strange, almost delighted look Mono had in his eyes at the information. But it's gone soon after as Mono, though shocked, still tries to advocate to focus on the Egg before going after Dream.

The Egg was too dangerous to be left alone after all. It would leave a bad taste in all their mouths, but the whole thing with Tommy and Dream could wait, until the world was safer from the Egg, right?

Cut to Theo throwing Tommy into a cell per Dream's order.

- Tom isn't having a fun time, and he thinks Theo isn't either but it was hard to tell because Theo has been following Dream's every order to a T and has been silent as the grave when he wasn't answering Dream's questions. Dream ordered him to grab Tom before he ran, he ordered him to restrain Tom. Ordered him to take off his mask, show him his face, took away Theo's weapons, his armor for himself. (Theo shuddered almost violently when Dream told him to put on his armor just so he could order him to take it off. He's been flashing back to

Exile again and again, ever since they arrived in Logstedshire. His vision has been tinted blue, mind filled with static, and limbs mechanically following without a second thought.)

They're only a little shocked when Dream orders Theo to show him his Loyalty Enchantment Tattoo, Theo figures that there's already another Theo around after all. It would make sense for him to know about the Tattoo because he was researching how to make said enchantment tattoo.

What doesn't make sense is that *Fundy* is locked in one of the base's cells. *Future* Fundy, Theo's Fundy. Missing an arm, but it was no doubt, Future Fundy. Dream calls him Vincent and Vincent doesn't rebuke it. (Brief flashback to how Dream got the name Vincent, it was one of Fundy's middle names. He'd briefly considered James or Georgina but surprisingly Future Fundy told him to just call him Vincent in a cold, angry tone that Dream doesn't like, but lets it slide. For now.)

Dream reveals that he thinks that this world wasn't truly Theo and Toby's past, because in this world, he never got to his Tommy in time. Tommy was still alive, and he didn't really know where he was. He suspected where, but the fact that Tommy *wasn't* with Dream threw both Tom and Theo in a loop.

- Starts with Tommy being very uncomfortable with Wilbur and Tobias in the cabin with him and Technoblade. He and Technoblade had sat through both their explanations on what happened and even gotten the rundown about Theo and Toby. Cue small panic-attack for Tommy as he realizes just how close he'd ended up as Theo, and how horrified he feels about the fact that a Tommy out there *hadn't* escaped Dream.

Tobias notices the small panic attack, before he could offer comfort, Wilbur and Technoblade suddenly are arguing on what to do. Wilbur wants to find the others, which means they would have to head towards L'Manberg while Technoblade is against it since it's only been a week since his attempted execution. Their argument is beginning to escalate, which leads to Tommy's panic attack growing until out of nowhere, Technoblade seems to be hit with a migraine so fierce, it actually makes the hybrid kneel and clutch his head.

The argument dies immediately as Technoblade groans on the ground, none of them know what's happening or what to do, but in Technoblade's head, a new cacophony of voices from chat emerges. Old, dark, dominating and dangerous, but familiar to Technoblade. And in L'manberg, familiar to Techno and Toby.

Champions of the Nether, come. The Elders must speak with you.

Is what they say before disappearing.

Well, it looks like he was going to meet Techno and Toby one way or another.

- Toby asks if Mono really doesn't want to come, it's been a while since they've went into the Nether together and even though it wasn't the same Nether they've made their home, he thought Mono would've wanted to accompany him in seeing the Warped Priest. Mono declines, saying that he would stay back just in case Dream appeared near L'Manberg, or Theo and Tom.

Quackity had volunteered to come with them, very much not trusting Techno, barely trusting Toby, but he was outvoted and Fundy instead was chosen to come with. Quackity's not happy about it but acquiesces to the decision regardless. As soon as Toby, Techno and Fundy leave, Mono leaves the office, declaring to go on patrol just as he promised.

Quackity turns to Tubbo, wondering aloud if they should really trust Mono, Toby- he's definitely not trusting Techno. Didn't matter that he was a different Techno that *didn't* scar his face and blind his eye. Tubbo looks very tired, but also determined.

They didn't have to trust them entirely, just enough to make sure *their* future wouldn't become *that* future. They would deal with the Egg and its cultists and then free Tommy from Dream's grasp, it would be easier now that they have more help on hand.

Goes more into Tubbo's gnawing guilt of putting Tommy in second again, growing anger at Dream, at himself, at the whole unfairness the world was throwing him as President of L'Manberg. He wants to free Tommy, he really does, but the Egg was a much closer threat that he needed to deal with, especially with how the world ends up to be in the future.

It doesn't stop the noose-like feeling tugging at his throat.

- Vincent and Tom talk in their now shared cell, Theo and Dream having finally left them alone. It's very awkward between them, two out-of-place people from different times that barely knew each other. Seeing ghosts in each other, from a man seeing the young uncle he took for granted and a boy seeing his old nephew grown up and grim.

Tom tries to break the silence and awkwardness by insulting Dream and being himself, trying to be cheerful and annoying- he can't think of doing anything else. It's startling for Vincent, who hasn't heard this type of Tommy in such a long time but ends up laughing, and crying. Saying he missed Tommy being Tommy.

They bond in the cell, telling each other bits and pieces of what happened in their worlds. Tom's concerned over Vincent missing an arm, having lost it trying to save the only power source they thought they once had until they finally found Future Dream's Stronghold Base. Vincent being shocked that Tom knew where the Stronghold was for *months* and how Theo and Toby have changed things. He's upset that Toby let Dream live, but once he hears how things change, he's very reluctant- though he's mostly shocked over it all.

However Tom is worried that all that progress they've made with Theo is about to go down the drain.

Cut to Theo writhing on the ground in pain with Dream delightedly watching, having wanted to test the Loyalty Three's punishment. To see it with his own eyes. His future self had done a very good job, but says he could've done better. He deactivates the enchantment and orders Theo to stay in the stronghold while he goes out to check on a few things.

Chapter ends with Theo gasping for air, and sobbing on the floor. Reliving his first days of the enchantment all over again.

- Starts with Mono, going on patrol as he said he would. It would seem fine at first glance, but slowly, the reader, not Mono, would realize that things weren't as they seem.

Ranb- *Mono* , he, Tubbo and the others had spent so long debating on what to call him he needs to keep remembering he's *Mono* now, kept his guard up as he patrolled the borders of L'Manberg. Keeping an eye out for a certain masked man, as much as he would *love* to punch Dream in the face, he would have to disengage or simply retreat if he ever did see him.

Somewhat nervously, he fiddled with the marble in his hands, idly wandering the woods. Must be his nerves again, he was excited- he and his Tubbo, Toby now, had reunited! After all this time! He never thought he'd ever see him again. He never thought he'd see To-Theo again either, if he really was here.

He gripped the green pendant in his hand, twirling the dark green chains between his fingers in excitement. He wondered what changed, what happened between Theo and Toby. Had they finally made up? No, that wasn't likely, he remembers just how much Theo hated Toby back in the future.

No, but then how come Theo was here with Toby and- Technoblade. Techno, young Technoblade. Seeing him had ached his head and heart fiercely, even now just remembering had him tugging at the green strings around his hands. Flexing his fingers tightly around the green marble he's taken carrying around now.

He feels like he's forgotten something, something important. He needs to check his notebook- you'd think that after being in an apocalypse, his memory would get better. And it did! It had to if he wanted to survive, though he still had to carry it around and use it sometimes since his memory did lapse here and there and his notebook was really handy in keeping lists and stuff.

Now it was back to being his memory book, maybe being in more peaceful times affected his memory again...

Nothing was odd, everything was fine, so it says in his memorybook. Mono nodded to himself with a smile, scribbling down something with his green pen, fiddling with it slightly before closing his book.

Everything was fine. He was excited for Toby to come back from visiting the Warped Priest, they had a lot to catch up on.

You guys would have definitely noticed the constant shifting green item in his hands. And I'm kinda disappointed I won't be able to see the comments that would point that out and I would've totally been like "Nope, everything's fine with Mono. Green thing? What green thing? I've written down exactly what I needed to. Etc etc."

But yes, something's definitely wrong with Mono but he does not realize it at all. Or does he? He doesn't, not actively.

Chapter continues on to the Nether, where the Nether champions gather up to meet with the Warped Priest. I missed the Warped Priest and I'm pretty sure you guys do to.

Okay so that's pretty much where the notes about Act I end. The rest that I had, which were already pretty incomplete, were unfortunately wiped. And I can only remember so much of them. ***AGAIN, WRITERS OUT THERE, SAVE YOUR FUCKING NOTES AND IDEAS SOMEWHERE YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT LOSING THEM.***

So from here on out, the "-" are no longer chapters but just ideas that I could've used IN chapters, not chapters themselves. I am making this as I go, as I type, barely following what little else notes I have for this story.

- Warped Priest being pissy to all three champions, hitting all both Technos AND Toby on the head with his staff. Saying there's a imbalance in the world now that there's three nether champions, saying it's not clear whether or not it's a good or bad thing. Elder Chat would've been very cryptic, something something, world ending shit.

- Warped Priest shoving both Technos out to speak with Toby, we cut to both Technos awkwardly talking to each other. Techno doesn't approved of Technoblade, having known what happened in the past to Toby and Theo. They get pissy at each other, nearly start fighting until they're hit again by the Warped Priest's staff. There's tension between the two Technoblades.

- Both sides find out where each other are, and find out that this world isn't exactly the same. President Tubbo finds out that Tommy is alive and *not* with Dream and he's filled with so much relief (and still some existing guilt) that he cries. Toby cries too because there's a world where Tommy *wasn't* gotten by Dream, wasn't on Dream's side and it's very emotional for the two. Tobias is just, standing there, very concerned for his other selves and thanking the End that he's never going to go through with what they went through. (ominous foreshowing and cut to tom and vincent still talking in the stronghold's cell)

- Because Tommy is with Technoblade, Toby has a bad feeling and is unable to put it off any longer, Toby and some others attempt to go to Dream's Stronghold against Tubbo's hesitant wishes (they still need to focus on the Egg after all)- prepared of course. They're armed and ready, what they're *not* ready for, is for the fact Dream's Stronghold is fucking *empty*. Everything's been stripped bare, *not even the end portal is there*. Well, there *is* something there. Just a single, smiling porcelain mask in the now empty lava pool. Dream found another stronghold, and moved into it. Taking everything from his previous one, to the new one.

I think the ideas for here, count as Act II. I don't know what I would've called this Act, "Winding Road"? "Progress Lost"? Or a personal favorite of mine, "Calm Before The Storm"?

I don't know if the last one would've counted since there was going to be a LOT happening

ALSO MORE NAMES! AGAIN WHAT WAS I FUCKIGN THINKING AAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Niki - Remix Present Nihachu

Nihachu - Eggpocalypse President Nihachu

Quackity - Present Canon-ish Quackity

Big Q - Rewind Present Quackity
Bigger Q - Eggpocalypse Quackity
Philza - Present Canon-ish Philza
Phil - Rewind Present Philza
Old Phil - Eggpocalypse Philza
Jonathan - Rewind Present Fundy
DSMP!Dream - As it says
Rewind!Dream - On the tin
DSMP!George - Mhm
Rewind!George - Yep

You get it.

Once again, do *not* @ me for the names here. Especially Fundy's, I chose that name for a very specific and niche reason that is totally a good reason. Yes. (statement of fu—)

Like I said, a very good reason.

Moving on.

Oh? You've noticed the DSMP! And Rewind! Tags? THAT'S BECAUSE I GIVE UP ON GIVING THE DREAM TEAM NAMES. I am very sleep deprived right now as I write this part of the outline. And I cannot, for the life of me, think of ANY names to differentiate the two teams. So no more unique names. I'm done with that.

Moving on.

- A LOT of Theo angst during this arc, we would've focused on how he's doing with DSMP!Dream, so much internal struggle between all three of the Dreams that he knows. He's gotten so used to Rewind!Dream that he almost forgot how DSMP!Dream was like. Almost. DSMP!Dream is giving him tons of flashbacks and reminding him of why exactly he went to the past for. A better Dream, a better life. Something he thought he could be content with- but he can't really be content with this Dream now. Not after experiencing a kinder Dream who genuinely wanted to be his friend, not his master, his owner. It's a building realization- not exactly slowish? Kinda sluggish I guess? But he doesn't immediately realize it, too shocked at first then a bit resigned until it clicks.

He would also notice that for some reason, DSMP!Dream is a bit more- unhinged? He doesn't remember Dream being *this* controlling and cruel around this time. Might be his bias and trauma, but he swears that Dream wasn't *as* cruel. He's half wrong and half right, we'll get to that later.

- Tom gets the spotlight a bit, he's hearing voices. He's dreaming dreams he cannot remember, he's chalking it all up to stress for now. But they're not really good for him, especially when he wakes up one night, clutching the iron bars hard enough to bleed and a whispered apology in his ears by no one.

- I'd probably have some filler chapters, either some flashbacks and stuff back into the Eggpocalypse- something to flesh things out a bit more between Mono and Toby and the

Eggpocalypse in general. I think I lightly touched over what the fuck happens and such, I would've expanded a bit on the fucked up world building of the Eggpocalypse, I'm pretty sure I touched a bit of it back in Rewind when they were hunting for the Egg and coming in Niki's underground city.

- SPEAKING OF NIKI- we cut back to the present! And lo behold- EVERYTHING HAS GONE TO SHIT! Kind of. This isn't only *TWO WORLDS COLLIDING BUT THREE* . I WOULD LOVE TO SHAKE MY PAST SELF AND ASK, HOW THE **FUCK** I WAS GOING TO HANDLE THREE WORLDS WORTH OF CHARACTERS! What was I thinking?! How fucking ambitious was I?! But essentially; Eggpocalypse meets Rewind at last! And then eventually, Canon-ish!

- Old Phil is *really* pissed and worried for Vincent, he nearly mauled Rewind! Dream the moment he got out of the portal. There's a kerfuffle, more chaos goes when Quackity and the others inevitably come in. Rewind! Dream *finally* has an actual panic attack when he's faced with *so many people that hate his fucking guts* .

- Thankfully he has George, Sapnap, Bad, and the others to back him up and keep him safe. Though he does move out of the stronghold and into George's cottage for a bit because Phil, Old Phil, Jonathan and so many others need to study the portal and find out where the fuck the others went. And he's kinda outnumbered by the people who hate his guts and doesn't really feel safe in his own stronghold anymore, so might as well move out.

- Also his dreams about the future, about the Eggpocalypse and Theo come back tenfold. This man is haggard and not having a good time. At least it resolves his decision in *not* becoming Eggpocalypse Dream, or DSMP! Dream.

- We get more flashbacks and worldbuilding about the Nether! Eggpocalypse Nether as well as the Pigling tribes, who, as it turns out in Remix, Toby was trying to unite them or gain an alliance with them. Not the same as before, but yeah. It's messy, there's politics that I'm not entirely sure I would've nailed down.

- We come back to the Dsmp-ish Canon. Things are also shit, despite one would think, having *two* Technoblades is *not* a good thing. There's twice the chat (who were also pulled in i guess??) and they're egging both Technoblades AND Toby to fight. Ghostbur finally shows up! He's been... somewhere...

- Brief emotional talk between Ghostbur and Wilbur??

- Epic, dangerous, nether champion 2v1 fight??? (maybe not? Look techno is just pissed at technoblade for what he's done. And technoblade is defensive, kinda envious and is unimpressed with techno himself. They're reaching theo and tom levels of self hate here guys :D and toby is just pissed at both of them for being idiots)

- Toby angst, Techno is his Technoblade and Technoblade isn't really his Technoblade but is a good amount closer to it. Some revisited trauma and emotional feelings there. He's also getting a little suspicious about Mono, who has been sparse in showing himself so far. He's always pulling away, doing something else, patrolling, etc. he's getting worried and wonders what's going on.

- More Mono scenes, just him being more and more suspicious in Toby and the other's eyes. Mono is slowly pulling away, acting stranger. Maybe a full Mono-centric chapter on how he's doing, turns out at the end of that chapter he was hallucinating or imagining some things, maybe even the whole day as his eyes turn fully dark, poisonous green.

- Two Tubbos and a Tommy sitting in a room. What will they do? (Cry. that's what they'll do.) Emotional DSMP!Clingy Duo reunion. Tobias is just there for emotional support, and to make sure these versions of him and Tom reconcile. Evidently, they're doing a better job at it than Theo and Toby.

- More emotional scenes between DSMP Canon-ish characters, there's struggle, there's drama, there's Philza who is finally pulled into the mess because Toby tells Tubbo to finally end the whole, 'under house arrest/kind of hostage' situation with Philza. They need all the help they can get.

- More plans to go against infected Bad and his followers and the Egg, they're getting ready to hit them hard and hopefully kill the Egg and prevent the Eggpocalypse from happening in this world.

- FINALLY Toby and the others see Theo and DSMP!Dream out and about in SMP territory. Horror, shock, anger at the fact that Theo is back with a bad Dream, even more so when they find out that Tom and Vincent are in this Dream's grasp.

- Hard decisions to be made, do they deal with Dream now and save Theo, Tom and Vincent? Or do they reluctantly team up with Dream and Theo to deal with the Egg. Dream obviously wants the Egg dealt with as well, he can't have it take over the world, over his lands. And his 'friends'. (might've shown a flashback to Dream's reaction to George and Sapnap getting infected and dying. He seems more angry that *he* got infected by Sapnap in the end, it's hard to tell, Theo is wary of this Dream.)

It's here that I confess that I don't know how I would've been able to write all this down or connect all these ideas like I did in Rewind, which I already did haphazardly. I know I dropped some plot points in Rewind, I thought I could continue them in Remix but I don't know if I could have if I *did* decide to continue this. Again, it feels bad for me to say it, but I'm kinda glad I don't have to write this story because I am just realizing now, as I write this final outline and struggling to towards the ending(s) that I had in mind, just WHAT and HOW MUCH writing and ideas I would've had to go through.

In another world, maybe it would've been worth it but in this one, I've pretty much intimidated myself into *not* writing this and I feel a guilty relief that I'm not.

The complicated ideas that I wanted to implement more into Remix were;

- More Nether world building, piglin tribes and OC Piglins getting more spotlight like Vorn (do you guys even remember Vorn? Oh god I would've had to write THREE Vorns, or at least two, again what the fuck me???) and have them be more involved with the plot a bit. I wanted to show that Toby was keeping his promise in trying to ally with the tribes and etc. But then Vorn from Eggpocalypse would come through the portal-

- Another thing, as you've seen in that one idea, the Eggpocalypse coming into not only the Rewind world, but ALSO to Canon-ish DSMP. I wanted the Egg to be a major threat again, because I feel like the Rewind tiny baby brat Egg that controlled Eret and Niki was a bit... underwhelming?? Theo and the others dealt with it with some relative ease, sure there were injuries but still. I also wanted the chance for the Eggpocalypse to finally end. How? We'll get there.

- One of the **MAJOR** ideas I wanted for Remix was a Dream vs Dream fight and poor Theo stuck in the middle. Rewind!Dream would be punted into Canon-ish and face his alternate, his opposite. The him that he sees in the nightmare memories he's seen since Theo went to rescue Foolish.

- Speaking of Foolish, Canonish Foolish is in the SMP- another difference. He's not trapped with the pillagers in his temple anymore, how? I honestly don't know, but I wanted him there.

- Small downtime, Theo, Vincent, and Tom rescued from Canonish!Dream. Emotional reunion with everyone, Theo finally gets the downtime he deserves. And just for Rabble, he finally gets his hair braided in a quiet but very emotional reunion with Grandpa Phl, Vincent and Wilbur. Heavy but subtle mentions of Technoblade. A family reunion from the Eggpocalypse at last.

- Brief idea of Ghostbur and Wilbur merging somehow? To form a more powerful Ghostbur, the ultimate Wilbur- either that or more Wilbur and Ghostbur scenes interacting with the rest of the characters.

- Drista. Drista existed, Drista is an Admin God, in fact she's the unknown little sister of Dreamohne and Dreamexde. I wanted her to become a bit more important, she's the reason why Karl could time travel or travel between worlds. I wanted her and Manny (MD, Mexican Dream) to become more involved in the story as well. She was also kind of the reason why Theo fell on accident and was even in Dream's grasp in the first place. Theo thought she was a hallucination during his extremely depressive and manic days of exile, that he imagined her into existence when Manny died. He doesn't remember her that well because of his unstable mindset during the exile after Manny's death.

- Wilbur actually dying somehow. Major angst, emotional scenes to the max. If Ghostbur and Wilbur didn't merge, they both die permanently somehow. Remix!Wilbur gets to live though, as a treat. (No Limbo Train station, I made the story before that and I don't know how I would be able to fit that in. No resurrections either. Dream never managed to finish studying the resurrection in this story)

- Mono. Let's talk Mono because he and Tom are involved into ANOTHER major plot point that I wanted to bring in. You guys remember the very dark green and very bright green voices? Well, they're actually the Admin Gods Dreamohne and Dreamexde! Dream's admin ancestors! They've possessed Eggpocalypse Ranboo Mono and Rewind Tommy Tom!

It was going to be that Mono had somehow, someway, managed to teleport into the void space (end space?) where Dreamohne and Dreamexde were in, I'm not going to explain all of that but yeah. During his time there, Dreamohne noticed him and dove into Mono's

memories, he found out that he and his brother has a descendant and is delighted to see that his descendant was more like him. He also found Theo fascinating, and thus, wanted to finally escape the end void and be let loose upon the world once again. So he buried himself in Mono, hiding in his memories as the green marble/orb/thing that Mono hallucinates and sees.

He, as Mono, secretly takes over from time to time (causing Mono to hallucinate and see things differently) to help out Dream. He's the reason why he knows about the tattoo even though in the Canon-ish world, he never got into researching it. Dreamohne suspected on what Eggpocalypse Dream did and told Dream, which was confirmed and etc. etc. Does Dream know about Mono being possessed? He does, suspecting it from the beginning because Mono acts differently with him. Also Mono's eyes turning a total dark green was a big tell.

Dreamexde in the meanwhile, having noticed his brother had escaped the end void, panics and tries to catch him to drag him back where they both belonged. So when Vincent and Old Phil were testing out the new portal they made that was combined and used the end portal as a base and power source, it also connected to the end void which let Dreamexde try and possess Vincent in a desperate move. It fails, and Vincent ends up in Canon-ish Dream's stronghold. That's also what Wilbur felt, and why he freaked out in the beginning of Remix. He didn't know it was Dreamexde but it *felt* 'Dream-like', also the guy hates Dream so go figure he thought Dream hurt Jonathan.

He tries again when the Rewind world tests out *their* newly made portal- initially he was aiming for either Toby or Theo but grabbed Tom in the end who ended up dragging Tobias into the portal with him and viola. However, unlike his brother, Dreamexde hadn't exactly familiarized himself with Tom's mind by going through his memories or even adjusting properly by forcing Tom into a coma like Dreamohne did with Mono. So he ends up kind of exhausting himself and staying silent after apologizing to Tom.

You can ask me more about this whole thing (or really everything about Remix, I'm pretty much going to spend some time answering questions I suspect) on my tumblr.

[A_NonymousWriter](#).

So there would've been ANOTHER Dream vs Dream scenario only its Dreamohne vs Dreamexde and-

You know looking at this outline and the plots I wanted to implement. I was so fucking ambitious, and I think that's part of the reason why I was so burned out with DSMP in general. I wasn't just flying close to the sun, I was rocketing myself into the core of a burning star.

It's complicated and convoluted and dear god what was I thinking. Maybe I should've cut the Admin plot early or saved for another story- for Replay really but I wanted Replay to be a Crack-onshot-collection type deal? If I feel like picking up Remix again I'm DEFINITELY going to rewrite this fucking outline to something that makes more sense really. At least, cut the Admins into Replay, but that would mean turning THAT into a full fledge story as well. Ahhhhhh.

I don't even remember how I wanted that plotline to end...

Speaking of ending, it's time to touch the end of Remix! How does this story end? What happens to everyone?

Those on Tumblr will probably have known, thanks to a friend of mine Rabble-Dabble (one of my favorite fanartists and good friend) revealed a [secret](#). I answered a question of theirs back at the peak of Rewind, I accidentally sent it in private so only they and another friend, Rena (another old favorite fanartist and good friend) would know;

I was debating on killing Theo in the end of Remix.

And no, it wasn't a joke answer. May look like that, but I was serious in my thinking. Did I want to kill Theo off at the end of Remix? Granted I'm pretty sure this was BEFORE I ended up tangling myself with the admin plot point and continuing eggpocalypse and involving the tribes, Drista, Manny, etc etc- but it was something I considered seriously.

And to this day, I still don't know the answer.

And honestly, the ending of Remix could've gone in multiple ways depending on what I would have decided in the end.

Previously I stated that I wanted the Eggpocalypse to end. The Eggpocalypse Future was going to seep into both worlds, becoming a very insistent threat that they'd all have to deal with. In Rewind, I showed that the Eggpocalypse Egg had hatched into a thing I didn't really describe. Just that it was big, it was bloody and it was hungry. Devouring everything, the Overworld and soon, the Nether.

Given the chance maybe it would have tried The End and even the End Void.

Even now I don't know how I would have ended the Eggpocalypse, nor do I know if I wanted Theo to die. But I think he would have died facing the Eggpocalypse, *ending* the Eggpocalypse.

Maybe he dies taking down the creature that hatched from the Egg, maybe he dies saving the others. If Theo was going to die, he was going to die in a way that would seem heroic or maybe even was just heroic in general. Part of me wanted it to be the whole 'Techno had called him a hero once, and told him to die like one. Here he is, dying like one, just like his own brother.'

But yes, a good part of my thinking was to have Theo die at the end of Remix.

In contrast, in the ending where he lives... He wouldn't be whole, not unscathed, maybe he lost an arm like Vincent. Or a leg this time. None of the characters who go against either Canon-ish Dream (who was driven a bit more mad thanks to Dreamohne-possessed Mono) OR the Eggpocalypse, would be whole.

Toby would probably be the same, though he would be the last Nether Champion of his world after all. The Eggpocalypse Warped Priest died along with his successor, the piglin tribes

would probably be conflicted about it but the tribes of his world would be satisfied with him being their last Nether Champion at least.

Regardless of whatever happened in the end, I would say that Remix would have a relatively happy ending. Even in the ending where Theo died. (maybe even in the brutal ending where both toby and theo died (also yes other people died along in the story, dont worry about it))

Remix ends with three worlds living. Depending on what happened, maybe that third world doesn't really count as the survivors live in either of the other two worlds.

I'm going to admit that this probably won't be satisfying to a lot of you readers. But the unfortunate truth is that even before when I was just starting Remix, I didn't have a clear ending for it. And I still don't even after all this time, so I'm sorry for that. I'm disappointed in myself as well, but that's really it for Remix.

Though I *will* say that, in the brutal ending for Theo and Toby. Where they died together, I would have ended it in Old Phil's PoV.

Because I would've wanted to break all your hearts as the old man quietly reminisces about the past, about how a parent should never outlive their children. How his children died before he did, and that his only saving grace was that Fundy (all three Fundys) survived and now lived happily.

He is an old and very tired man, and as he closes his eyes. He imagines meeting all his children in the afterlife, they're actually happy to see him, they're making jokes on how it was about time he died and how they're surprised he lived so long and all that. He'd scoff at them, with teary eyes and scold them.

Everyone who died joins in on making fun of Old Phil, and the chapter would end with Fundy finding Phil sitting in an armchair, eyes closed with tears down his face and a smile. He would say his name, concerned for a moment. And I'd end it right there.

Did Phil finally die in his sleep? Was it all a dream? Who knows! Not even I do!

But yes, that's it. That's the end.

I want to thank everyone for their support and for reading this story. Thank you so much for being there and if you are, thank you for sticking around! Again I'm sorry that this outline is probably not what you thought it'd be, but thank you for reading nonetheless and I hope you'll have a nice time regardless of what you do.

I wouldn't be here without you guys and I'm glad that, even though this all happened, even though I can't finish it, I'm glad to have been able to do this for you and for myself. (I think I really needed this outline anyway to make me realize just how fucking ambitious I was and to humble myself and prevent myself from ever doing that again. Overplanning with so many plot points and struggling to cross certain things- you get it.)

I'm Non, this was Remix, and I hope to see you again later!

The next outline I'll be planning to make will be of Wishes and Family so readers for that story, stay tuned!

Bye!

Chapter End Notes

p.s. I highly recommend clicking the secrets link to Rabble's post about Theo's possible death. Rabble created an amazing fanart post about it so please check it out and give Rabble some well deserved love :D

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!